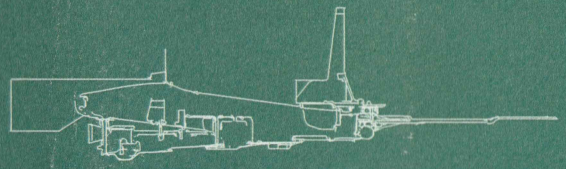
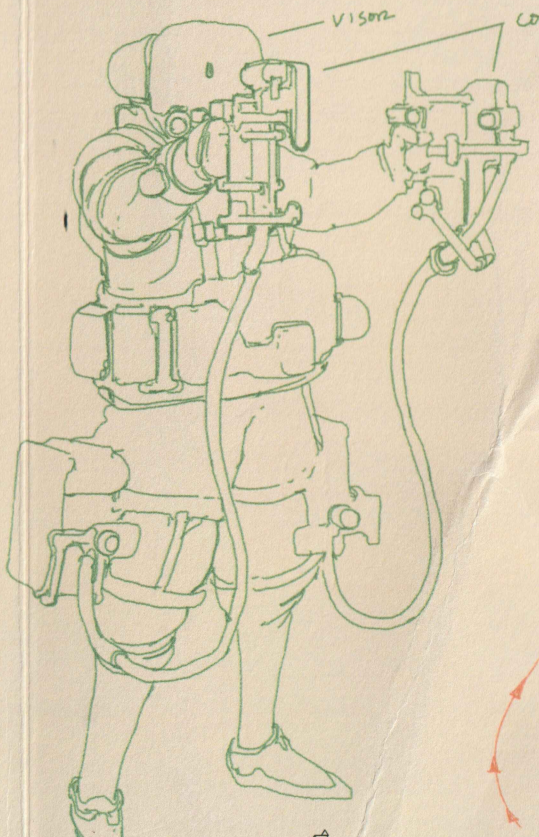
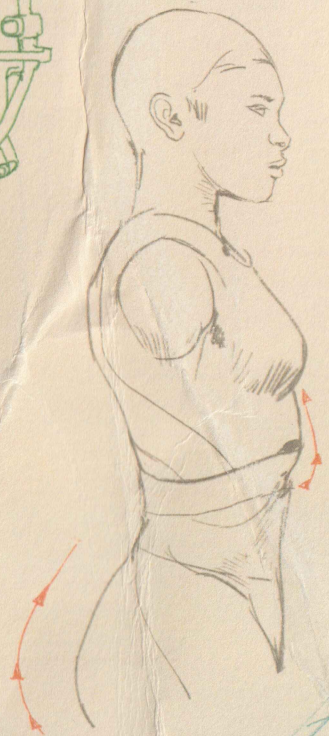
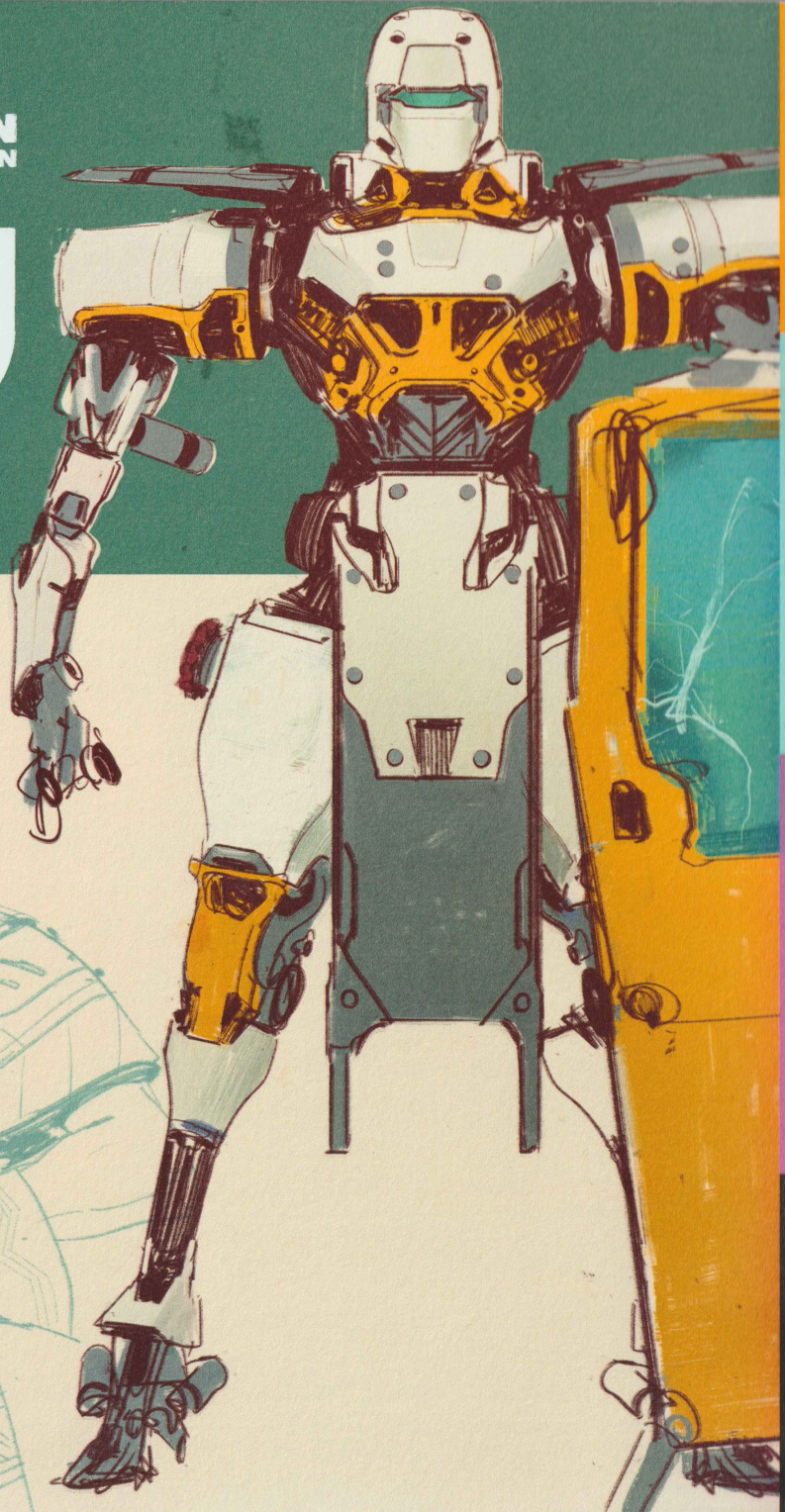


ART + FICTION
EXPLORATION

concord







FIREWALK

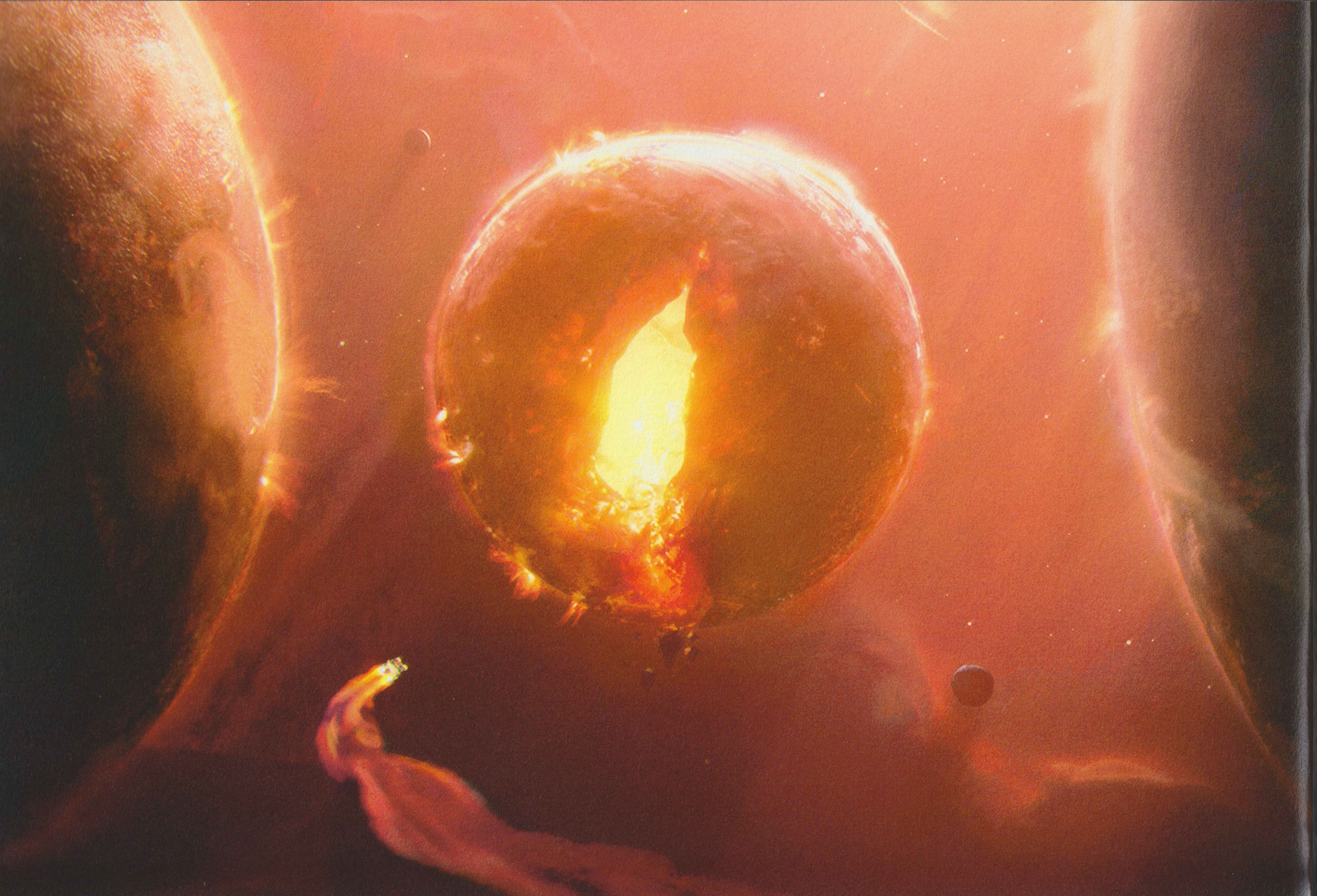
FIREWALK

ProbablyMonsters

is a competitive, team-focused, first-person-shooter that will plunge you into the heart of a far-flung galaxy, surrounded by danger, adventure, and an opportunity for redemption. You and your crew will try to do some good in a universe that desperately needs your help.

Each match will take you to wild, untamed locations where you'll fight in the streets of exotic alien cities, unleash spectacular powers and weapons against your foes, and break open pirate vaults filled with treasure. Along the way you'll grow your crew, customize them to your liking... and maybe even right some wrongs.

PROBABLY MONSTERS	FIREWALK	2018-2019



WE CALL THIS GALAXY "CONCORD."

It has a reputation for peace and prosperity, but that's only half the story.
The galaxy is split between the Core Worlds, a bastion of laws, safety, and security, and the Wilds, a dangerous new frontier that beckons the adventurous. Between them roars the Tempest, a never-ending storm that few have passed through alive.

And that's where we're going past the Tempest and into the Wilds. Into the unknown. Because there's folks out there with no one looking out for them. Good people trying to make their way and all sorts looking to feast on the weak. They need protection. They need someone in their corner. That's where we come in.

We're the crew of the Northstar.

This is your captain speaking.

THE CREW

Before we decided to go rogue, the Northstar ran a transport operation.

We travelled all over the Core Worlds making deliveries and picking up shipments for our government employer, the Guild Alliance. It takes a diverse set of skills to run a ship like this and a diverse set of skills to protect it. No one on this vessel was hired for their mechanical prowess alone; you need to be able to defend yourself, your shipmates, and the cargo.

It's not an overstatement to say that EVERYONE ON THIS CREW IS A DAMN HERO.

We've got a few that I'd call "**techs**": They sport hyper-powerful bionic legs, blast enemies out of the sky with condensed gravity disruptors, or suit up in massive mechs that can demolish a building. Then you've got your **aliens**. No other way to put it... they have physiology you'd better watch out for: from impenetrable skin to infrared vision to active regeneration, so they don't stay hurt for long. Finally, the **mystics**. The source of their power isn't clear, but they can manipulate the world around you, so it's best to stay on their good side. If you tick them off, watch out for a flaming hail storm, phase-shifting evasive maneuvers, or a ground that suddenly rumbles beneath your feet.

Those skills made us the best transport ship in the Guild Alliance, and now they're making us the most fearless and daring one to ever roam the Wilds.

Sometimes, this crew loves each other; other times, they're at each other's throats. But at the end of the day, we're in this together.

WE'RE A FAMILY.

CRICKET

Harrasser / Gather Intelligence + Sabatoge the Enemy

Cricket is the *Northstar's* **frontline agitator,** often leading the charge into battle with reckless speed, a barrage of bullets, and no regard for the constraints of gravity. She dodges and weaves past her enemies with **super-human velocity,** her biodynamic legs propelling her in and out of the fight... and sometimes up the wall. Even if they get a lock on her, she can kick out a hologram grenade, creating multiple decoys... and then **she's gone in a flash!** She's always got her military-grade SMG handy, and her blitzkrieg slide tackles take down unsuspecting foes with ease, but her favorite trick is a **surprise cannonball ambush** that sends enemies flying.

Speed demon. Gravity denier. Harrasser extraordinaire. **To take down Cricket, you'll have to catch her first!**

WEAPON

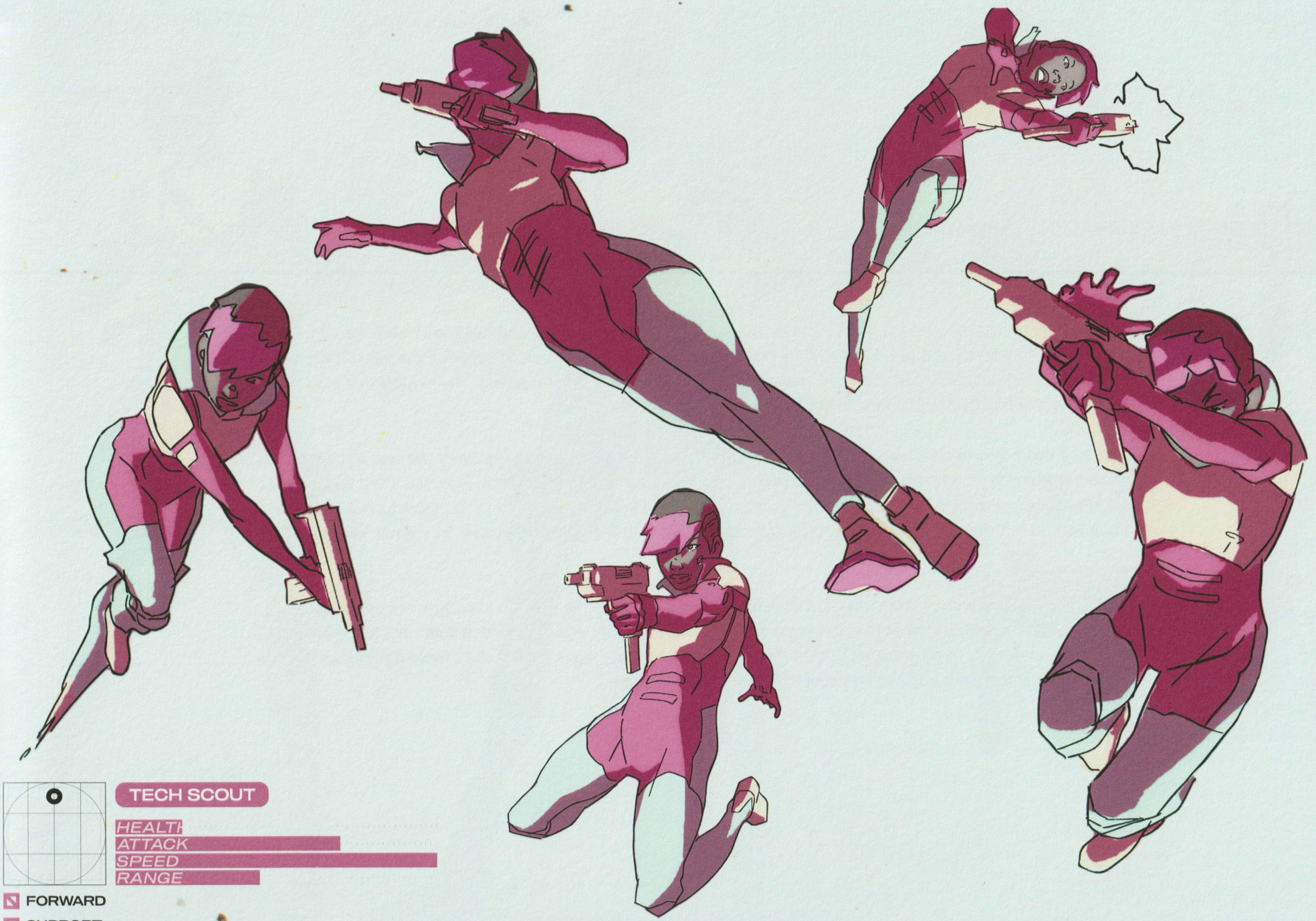
Medium-range SMG that she's lovingly named GLITTER DEATH.

ABILITIES

LIGHTNING SPEED she's a high-velocity blur in battle.
BLITZ SLIDE clears a path and leaves destruction in her wake.
VERTICAL RUNS bounds up the sides of buildings, out of the fray, and out of reach.
PRISMATIC GRENADES creates hologram decoys, allowing her to get out of tight spots.

ULTIMATE

CANNONBALL DROP backflips into the center of the fight, creating an epic blast and scattering her foes.



TECH SCOUT

HEALTH
ATTACK
SPEED
RANGE

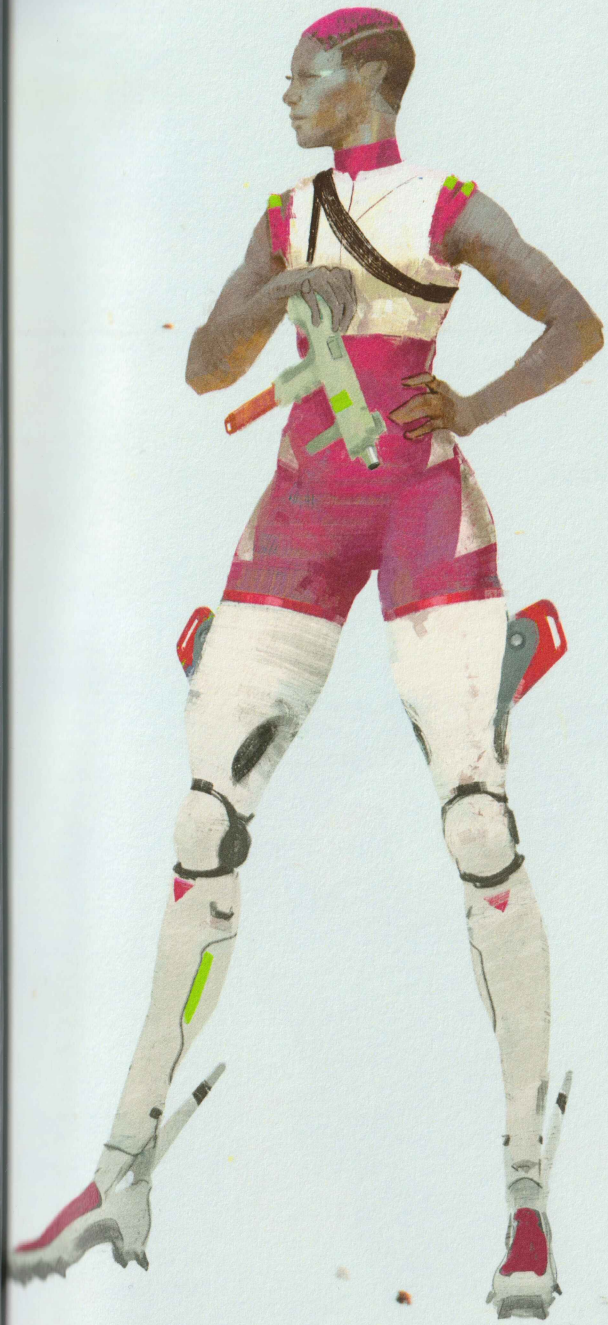
FORWARD
SUPPORT

Cricket had flash and style from day one, but what she didn't have was discipline. Or limits. Or a reasonable fear of heights. Hyper and quick to laugh, she would bound all over her parents' military base, the fastest and most competitive kid you'd ever seen. The kid who took every dare and won them all. The kid who had to move to think.

Her life was pretty carefree, focused on fun and living large, until her closest friend was lost in a military mission. Cricket took all that youthful energy and swung it 180 degrees, enlisting in her friend's place to continue the fight. There was an argument that she wasn't ready, but she would have none of it... she had to do something. The explosion that took her legs ground her to a halt for the first time in her 22 years.

Grief is a funny thing. She missed her legs, her loss of mobility, but when she couldn't run away she was also forced to truly grieve her friend for the first time. An alien, Koen, took pity on her, crafting her bionic legs, but there was a catch: She'd need patience, discipline, and rest to adapt to her new limbs. It would take her six months just to walk again on her own, and a year to run. The old Cricket probably wouldn't have done it; the new Cricket, raw and ready, was up to the challenge.

As Cricket rebuilt her body, she rebuilt herself a little, too. For the first time, she learned to control her emotions, just enough. She taught herself to look before she leaped. Her powerful bionic legs only work if she cares for them, so she takes that pretty seriously. To an outsider, Cricket might still seem reckless in battle, but she's more dangerous than that... strategic and deliberate, she's a speeding bullet that always hits its target.



"Gravity can be one hell of a weapon."

STAR CHILD

Can Opener / Push into enemy territory + establish a beachhead

Star Child is a **one-man wrecking crew**, a barely-controlled tempest of fury. Fueled by a boiling anger that erupts during battle, Folterians are feared across the galaxy. Like the rest of his kind, Star Child's thick, iridescent, diamond skin reacts to violence and becomes a potent exoskeleton, absorbing blow after blow from his enemies and growing stronger with every hit. He fights with a **crazed intensity**, forcing himself into the eye of every conflict. For Star Child, death in battle is the ultimate honor - a chance to go out in a blaze of glory.

Tank-breaker. Whirlwind reaper. Phalanx-crusher. **Unbreakable and unstoppable, none stand before Star Child!**

WEAPON

MERCILESS, a plasma blunderbuss to deal with enemies out of range from his fists.

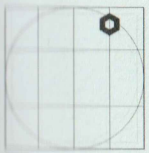
ABILITIES

RAGE RUSH tears through the fight, forging a path to the heart of the battle.
PHALANX BUSTER lunges headfirst into clusters of enemies to shatter the offensive.
SHIELD BREAKER discharges any active defense, leaving the enemy exposed to attack.
DIAMOND SKIN armor-like and nearly impenetrable, it strengthens with every hit.

ULTIMATE

BERSERKER WRATH a furious torrent of attacks that will send enemies scattering.

"Don't pet Muriel."



ALIEN HEAVY

HEALTH
ATTACK
SPEED
RANGE

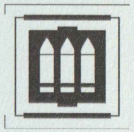
FORWARD
DEFENSE

Star Child is the biggest, bluest, grumpiest alien on the *Northstar*, but considered sweet and sentimental on his home planet. The Folterians are a fearsome group, known throughout the galaxy as brutal warriors guided by a strong (if somewhat confusing, to outsiders) moral code. They don't form sentimental attachments. They believe that battle is a spiritual act. Dying in battle is considered a great honor. And they don't care or love things; it isn't in their nature. Star Child is the notable exception in one, tiny way: He has a pet fox, Muriel, whom he has lovingly taken care of for years. That small act of affection was enough to get him a reputation among the Folterians as soft and weak, and to send him out into the galaxy, looking for a different place to call home.

He's got the strongest work ethic of anyone on the *Northstar* and while he is a man of few, grumpy words, he tends to use those words to remind others of their wastefulness. (Look, his social skills need work.) He's all about efficiency and simplicity, but the crew has his number. They know that, underneath, he's deeply loyal and has everyone's backs... not just Muriel's.

Someone even heard him laugh at a joke once. About eight years ago.

STAR CHILD



HAYMAR

Fire Mage / Rain down death

Haymar can channel the elemental powers of the universe, allowing her to **conjure and control fire and flame**. Quiet and patient in battle, Haymar waits in the distance for the right moment to **rain a heatseeking inferno** down on her enemies. She prefers to remain unseen, phase-shifting out of sight, wrapping herself in an unbreakable ring of fire or hurling molten-hot projectiles to stop encroaching enemies in their tracks. Dare to get too get close, physically or emotionally, and you'll feel the **burn of her wrath**.

Masked infernal. Keeper of flame. Deadpan fury. **Silent and lethal, Haymar is the ultimate secret weapon.**

WEAPON

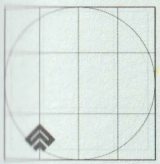
THERMAL BOLTER, her wrist-released flame slinger rains fire from long distances.

ABILITIES

PHASE-SHIFTING MAGE silently vanishes, only to reappear where you least expect her.
FLASH MINES hurls projectiles in the path of her enemies that explode on impact.
RING OF FLAME encircling herself in walls of fire to deny any attack.
THERMAL EXCHANGE feeds off the heat of enemy fire to fuel her own.

ULTIMATE

RAIN OF THE PHOENIX ignites her foes in a blazing downpour.



MYSTIC ARTILLERY

HEAL
ATTACK
SPEED
RANGE

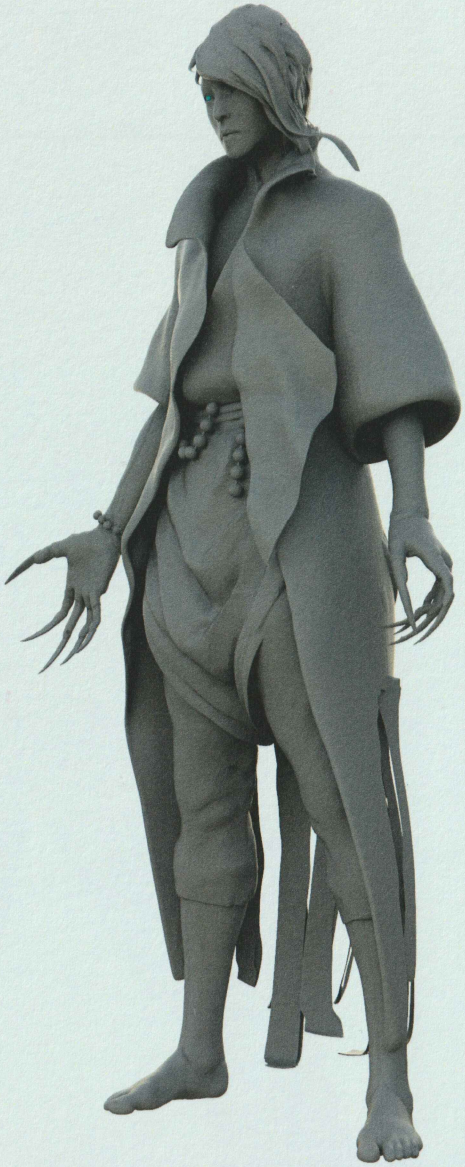
BACKLINE
ATTACK

Haymar is pretty uncomfortable with how emotional you seem right now.

Connection is not really her strong suit. She's great at sarcasm, deadpan wit, engine tech, and anything with fire. It's been that way since she was young, growing up in a pretty typical suburb on New Foundry and learning to tinker with engines from her dad. She found out she had mystical abilities when, at age seven, she was working on a new invention and touched the wrong wire, creating a huge explosion in the garage. Her dad found her covered with soot, but totally unharmed. He cried with relief which, again, made her uncomfortable. After that, she started playing with her fire abilities... she could harness it, walk through it, mold it. It made her different than everyone else, but that wasn't anything new for her.

She joined the *Northstar* as a rare tech who could work on the engine while in flight, since heat is no issue for this girl. You'll often find her sitting in the corner of the ship, listening to music, watching the others converse, and rolling her eyes. But this crew, this ship... she feels at home here, as long as no one tries to talk to her.

Oh, and they had to build her a special fireproof room because it turns out she sleepwalks while on fire. Utterly terrifying for everyone else.



"I think this ship would probably be OK if it weren't for all the people on it."

LENNOX

Gunslinger / The only good enemy is a dead enemy

When the odds are stacked against you, Lennox is just the type of **crazy, high-octane gunfighter** that can turn it all around. His ceaseless adrenaline drives him into the heat of any battle, dual hand cannons barking and explosive knives hurling. **Evasive, fast, and always on target**, he is nearly impossible to take down, and not just due to the regenerating nature of his Calxon physiology. Unlike others of his kind, Lennox is a **fearless daredevil** up for any challenge; a relentless force, ecstatic for the thrill of the fight, and willing to gamble on himself, no matter what hand he's been dealt.

Deadeye gunsligner. Risk-loving survivor. Madder than a Folterian on Armistice Day. **Roll the dice and square off against Lennox; his legend depends on it.**

WEAPON

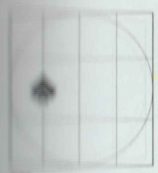
Dual-Wielding Hand Cannons -- If OLE BELL RINGER don't get you, look out for KNUCKLE SANDWICH!

ABILITIES

HIGH-OCTANE MARAUDER no one's faster or more deadly when the cards are down.
ACTIVE REGENERATION heals himself mid-fight, making him the hardest of targets.
INFRA-VISION able to see through most surfaces, so hiding is a bad bet.
EXPLOSIVE THROWING KNIVES bursting with fanfare and deadly precision.

ULTIMATE

SURE SHOT when the battle gets hot, he keeps cool and never misses.



ALIEN MARAUDER

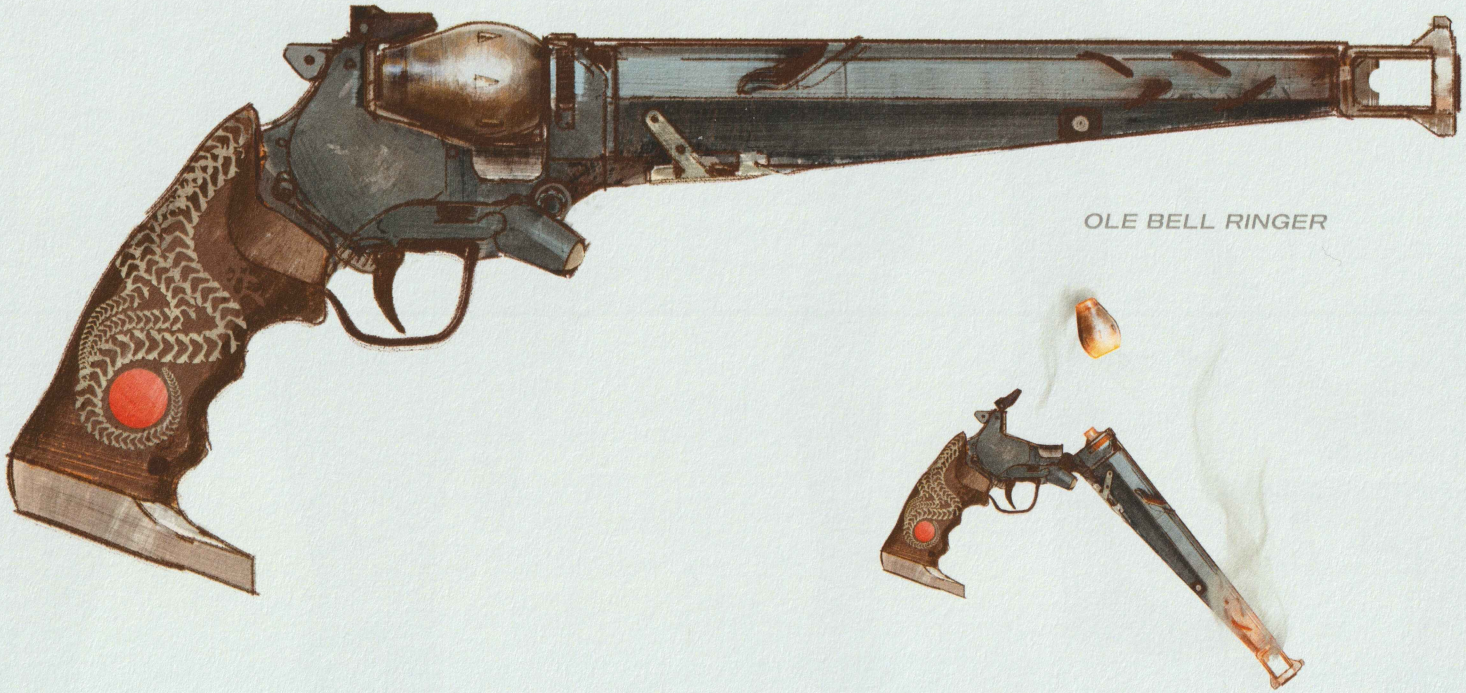
HEALTH
ATTACK
SPEED
RANGE

CENTRAL
ATTACK

No one lives life to the fullest like Lennox; adrenaline junkie is an understatement. There is nothing Lennox doesn't want to try, and there's a pure joy in his pursuit. He looks pretty cool on the outside, but his grin and infectious enthusiasm give him away. That and the fact that he changes color when his emotions spike, which is most of the time.

He's tried everything, but he eventually landed on gunslinger as his primary profession. Why? Well, first of all because he lived long enough to get good at it. He's a type of alien, a Calxon, that heals quickly, so he had the benefit of losing several gunfights and still being able to bounce back. With a little practice, he became the best gunfighter in the galaxy.

He'd like to go home, but his alien species - wise and careful - eventually had to gently tell him not to come back. He's too wild, too reckless, too enthusiastic, too excited to try the new. It still hurts, but Lennox isn't one to dwell on pain of any kind. There's more to explore, more adventures to be had, and he's always first in line.



OLE BELL RINGER

"I was free climbing up this cliff and I fell from a thousand feet up. I hit a bridge, a rock ledge, icicles, and a goat on the way down. Then I got up, bleeding a bit, and bested five different suckers in a gunfight.

Pretty solid Monday."

1OFF

Anchor / Shield wall! Hold the line!

Every fight needs a safe haven and it doesn't get safer than 1OFF. He is the last of a limited-assembly run of **massive, high-powered protectors** who actually *care* about their soldiers. Once 1OFF drops into position he becomes an **immovable point of fallback or defense**. Breach his line and he'll retaliate with his gravity-shattering Mandate Cannons. When enemies rally to break him, he hunkers down even deeper to unleash the **Quake Protocol, a high-impact ground force** that dispels everyone within reach. But of all his abilities, 1OFF thinks his calming words of encouragement and empathy are his biggest strength... this is debatable, according to his crew.

Eye of the storm. Protector of all. Armchair psychologist. **Wherever there is ground worth holding, 1OFF has your back.**

WEAPON

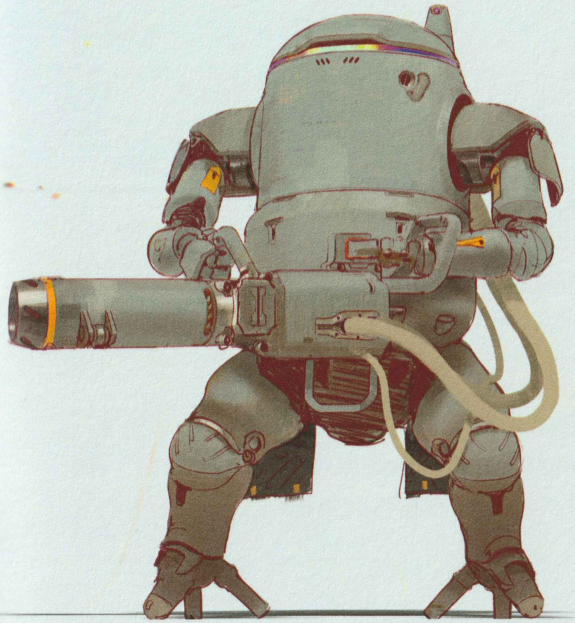
THRUST BEARING, a condensed gravity disruptor once deemed far too dangerous for mass production.

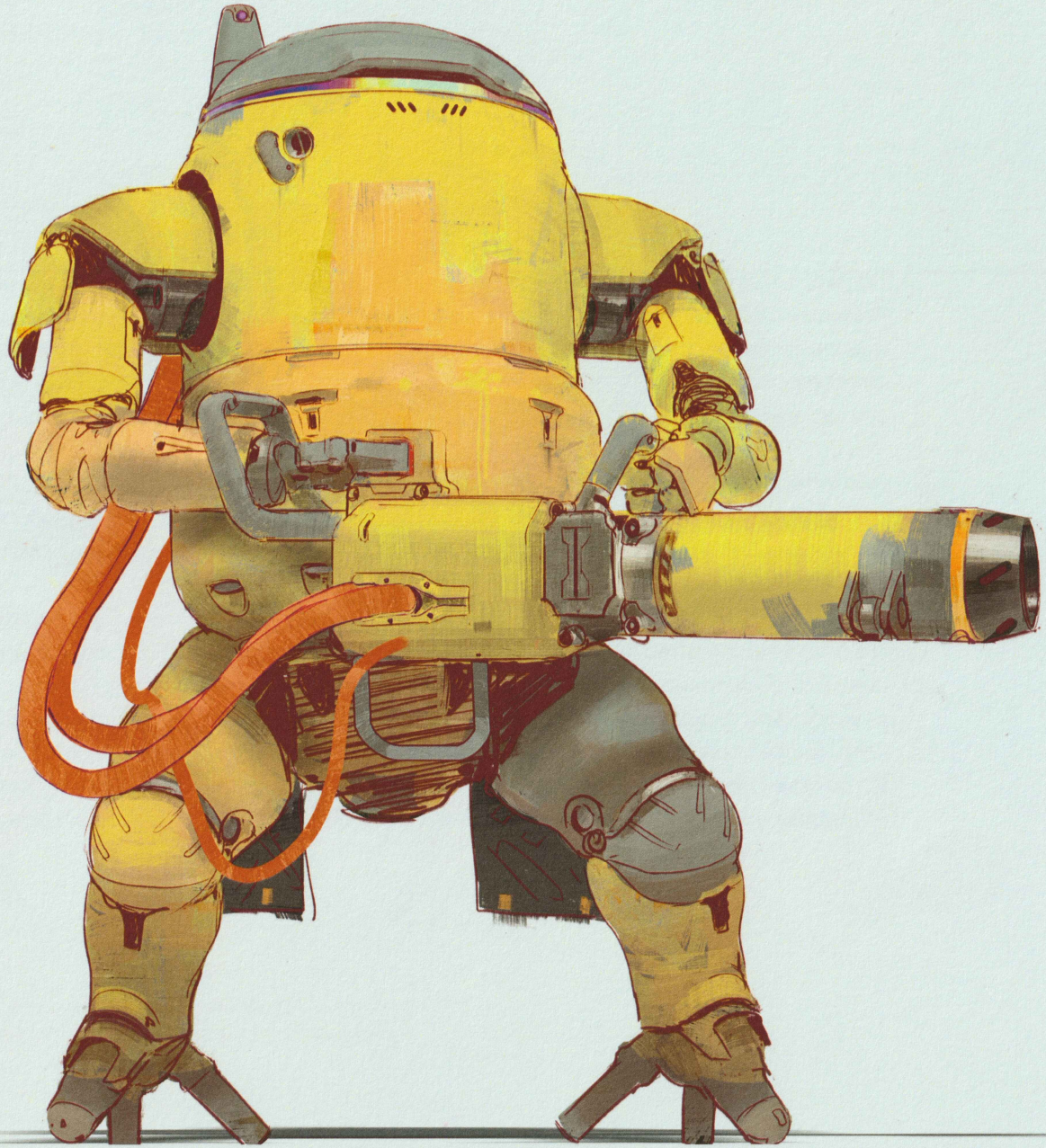
ABILITIES

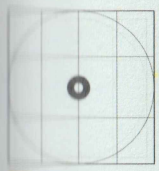
BATTLEFIELD ANCHOR the immovable holdout for support and defense.
PROJECTION SHIELD casts a protective force over his allies.
INSTANT BASE a reprieve of cover when none exists.
SILENT RALLY delivers a little something extra when the stakes are high.

ULTIMATE

QUAKE PROTOCOL one thunderous stomp unleashes a blast, hurling enemies off the battlefield.







TECH GUARDIAN

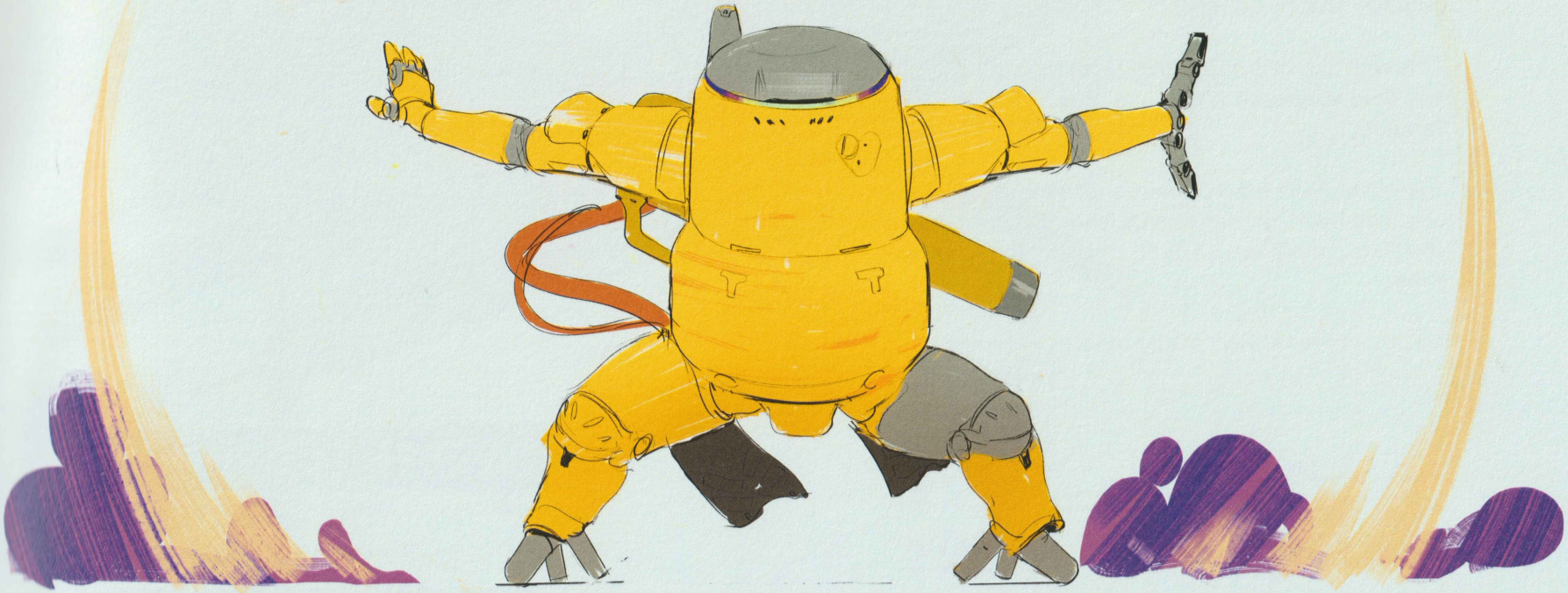
HEALTH
ATTACK
SPEED
RANGE

CENTRAL
SUPPORT

He gets his loving nickname from being, as far as anyone can tell, the last surviving unit from the legendary 1-FA Combat Protection robots – famously dedicated and loyal to their squadrons. Earlier versions of these droids got it dead wrong, making battlefield decisions based on pure logic... and sacrificing the lives of their soldiers. The Fighting 1-FA's were a direct rebuke, with advanced AI allowing them to bond, learn, and care about the soldiers in their squadron. They were too expensive to mass produce on a large scale, though, so the 1-FA's entered history as collectors' items.

And what collectors' items! The 1-FA's could learn to do just about anything, so once they were decommissioned by the military they found new lives all over the Guild planets. 1OFF was no exception, bouncing back and forth between civilian and military details. He's done it all, from security on top secret missions to mall cop. As long as he's able to be true to his core essence as a protector, he's good to go.

His programming gives him almost a dual personality: fierce warrior in battle and, afterwards, a kindly protector checking in with every member of the team to make sure they're safe and in good spirits. This includes medical and psychological evaluations, attempts to lift the mood with jokes, repeated inquiries about injuries – all delivered in a calm, gentle voice. It can get a little over-the-top, but he goes all in on the caring as much as he goes all in during battle. Some crew members find it annoying, others love the level of pampering they receive. And only a few of his friends truly appreciate how rare and special it is to find a robot like 1OFF. They literally don't make 'em like this anymore.



"Would you like a hug? I will be very careful not to crush you."

NORTHSTAR

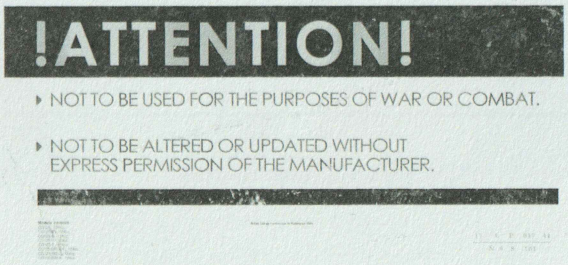
This is the Northstar. It's how the crew gets into, and out of, a whole mess of trouble.

It was designed over 50 years ago to be a Guild Alliance trading/hauling vessel, although it is kicking ass as a getaway ship these days.

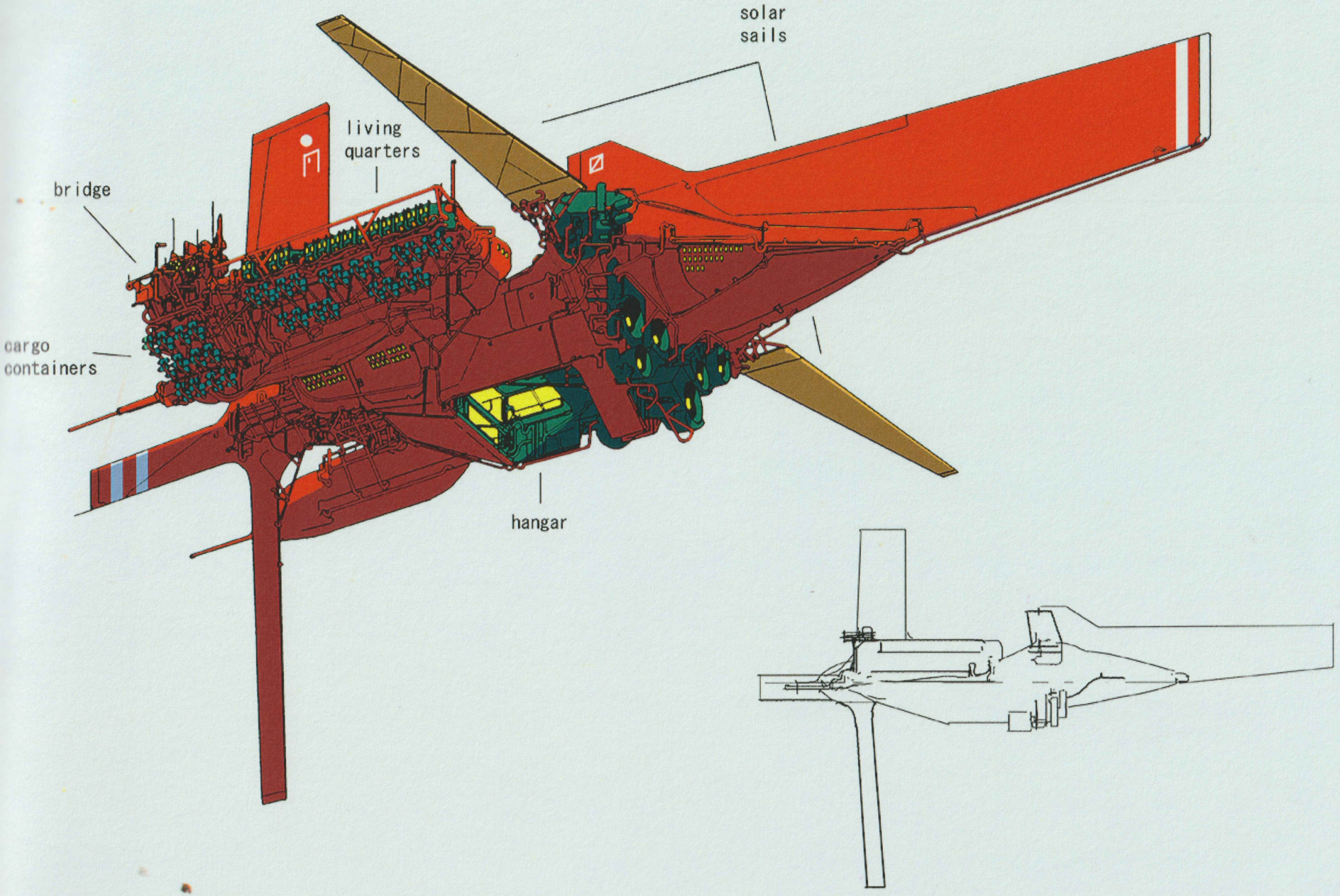
Although 270 of the Trillium Starships, model AP-MT 305, were manufactured on New Foundry, the Northstar was (and is) special. It was one of only five welded from rare metals, materials that come from beyond the Tempest.

There shouldn't have been any difference, really, between the ships, but there was; the Northstar always bounced back. Ship after ship from the same line have hit the junk pile, but not this one. The engineers would tell you they did a good job, end of story. To the captain, it felt more fated. The Northstar was destined for greater things.

And there was always a little rebel in its bones.

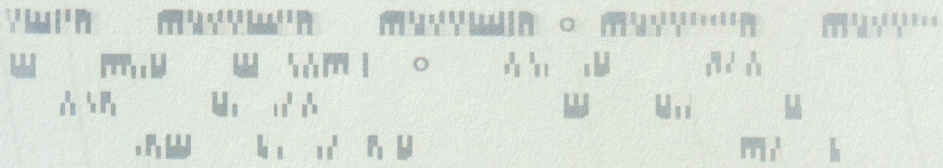


- FROM THE NORTHSTAR'S INSTRUCTION MANUAL, AND SUBSEQUENTLY IGNORED BY THE CREW.

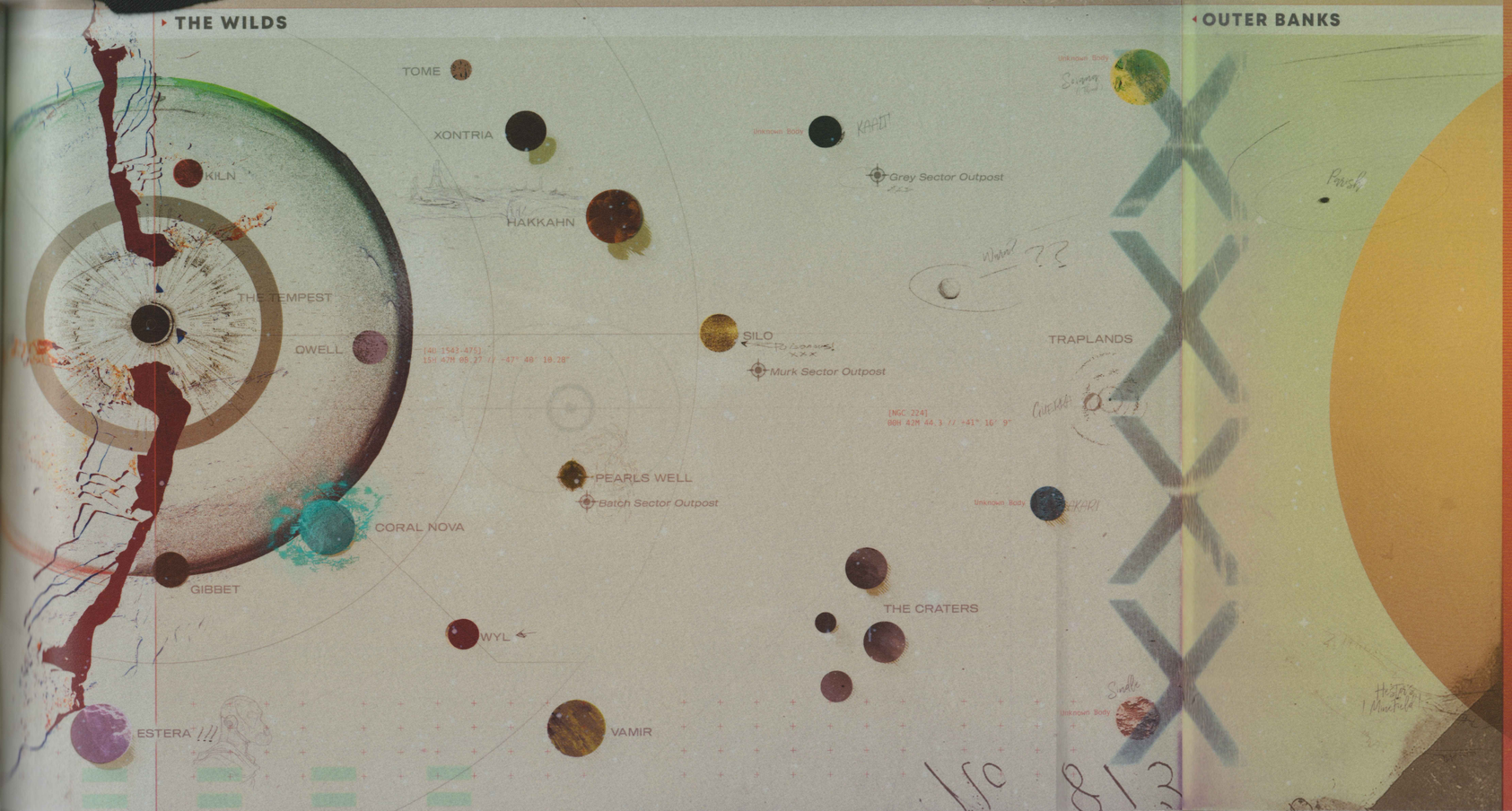

solar
sails
living
quarters
bridge
cargo
containers
hangar

ATTENTION:
GALACTIC MAPPING FOR OFFICIAL GUILD/ALLIANCE USE ONLY. NOT FOR RESALE

"Never trust a Guild-made map."
– Star Child



THE CORE WORLDS



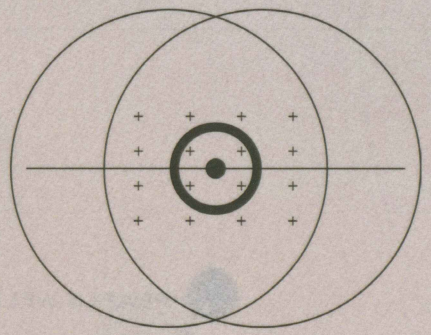
OFFICIAL GUILD ALLIANCE GALACTIC SURVEY

Compiled for the GA Armed forces, Harmony, Elsten Building, 3446

Survey completed by HILDE JON and the Echelon Exploratory Society.

NOTE: Core Worlds survey appears correct. Survey of the Wilds was terminated and may be incomplete. Creating an accurate map of the Tempest is impossible at this time.

NOTE: Officers using this chart will mark hereon corrections and additions which come to their attention and mail direct to "CONCORD GALACTIC CHART SERVICE, Headquarters GAA Air Force, Harmony."



THE CORE WORLDS

Order reigns supreme in the Core Worlds, thanks to the influence of the seven-planet Guild Alliance and its partnerships throughout the galaxy.

Purpose. Drive. Efficiency. Laws. The bedrocks of the Guild Alliance.

You'll see those principles in the **structured museums** and halls of learning on Echelon.

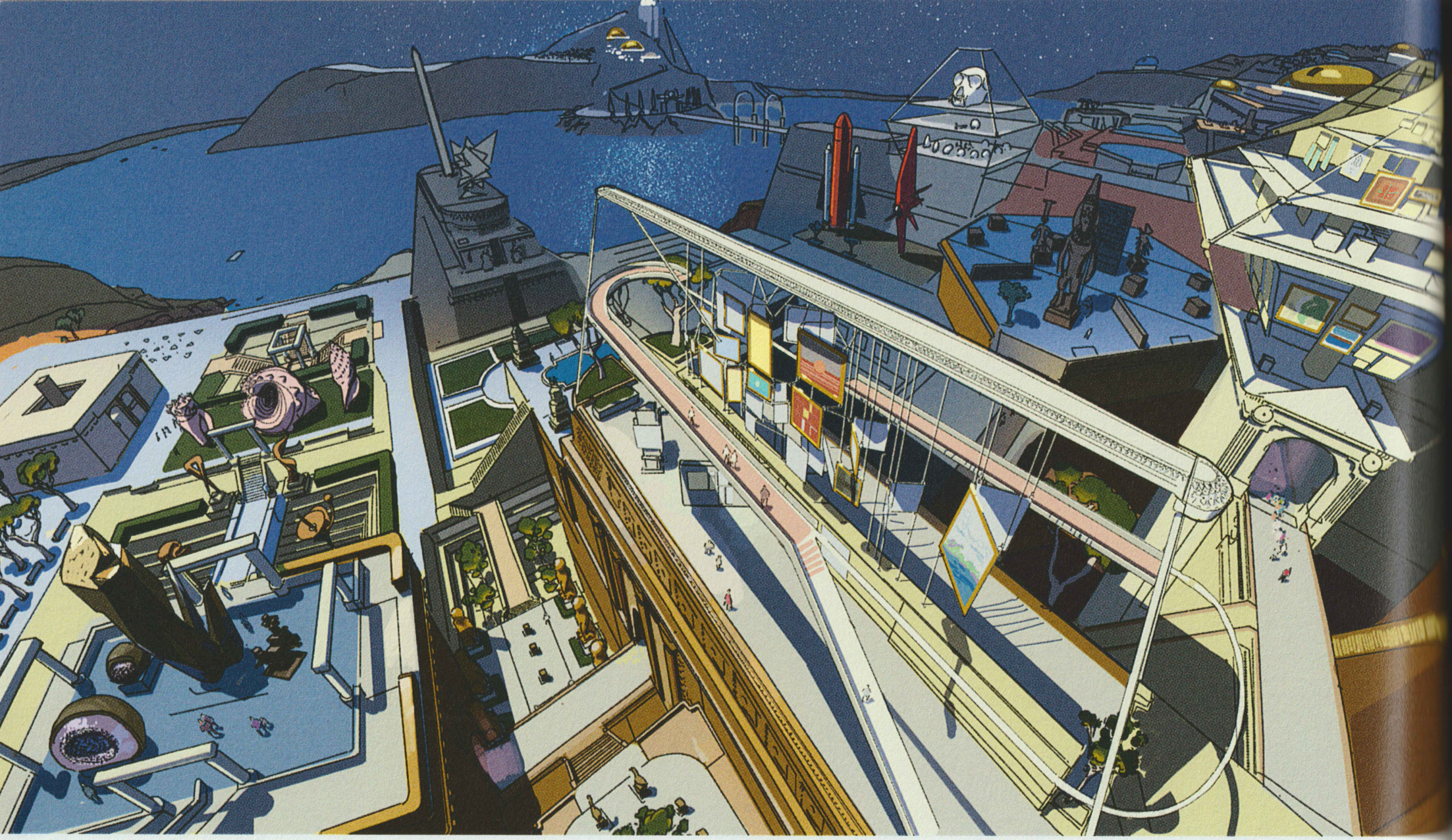
In the **smoking, churning factories** of New Foundry.

In the rigid harvesting systems in the **underground greenhouses** on the Basin.

The Core Worlds can keep you safe... ***but safety comes at a cost.***

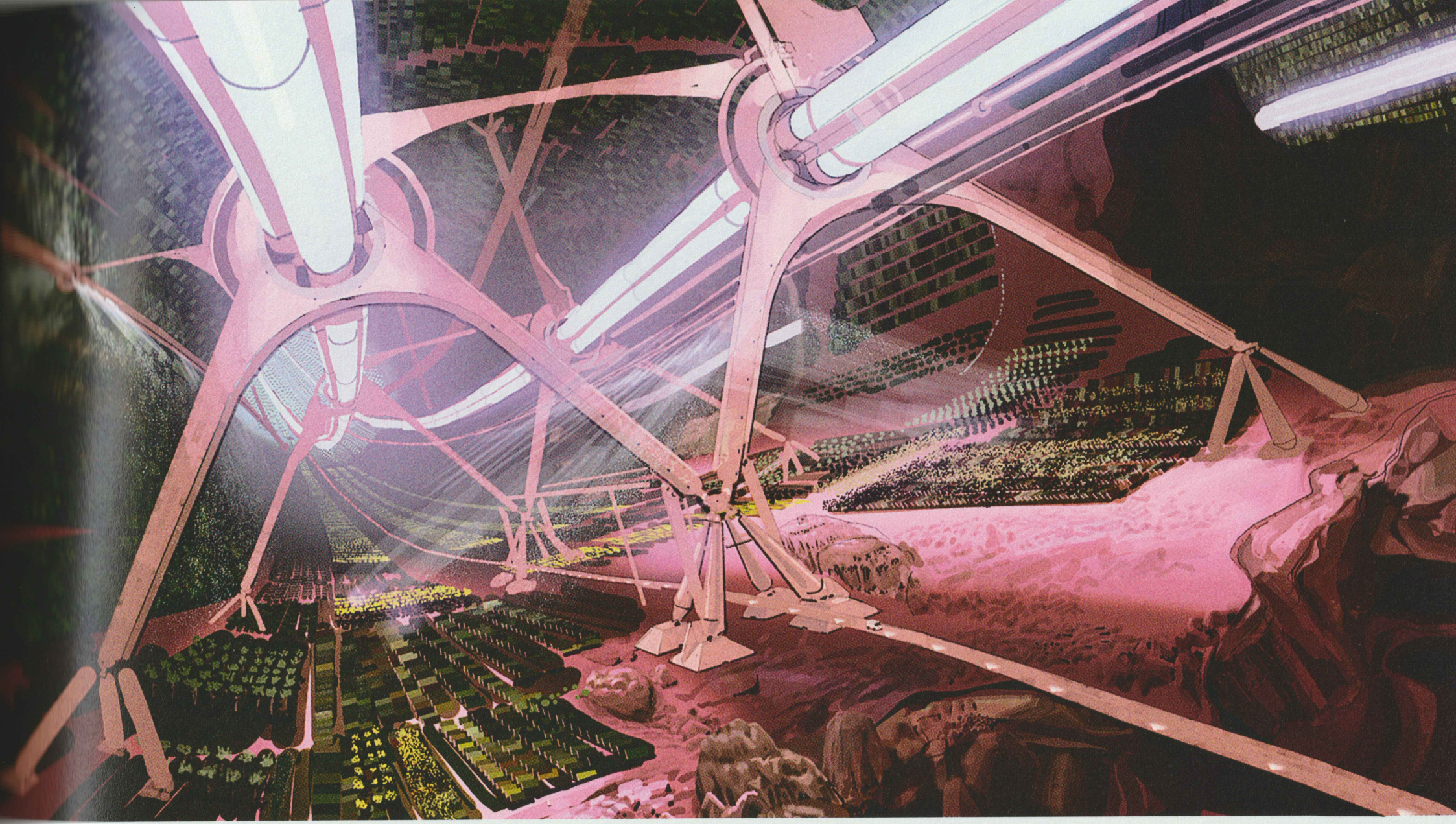
NEW FOUNDRY

Shipyards hum with their latest production models, ready to be delivered all across the Core Worlds. Steel is shaped into perfect pillars and wood split into beams, all to keep up with the mass housing demands of the Guild Alliance. Smoke billows from every inch of the planet, with factories running through the night.



ECHELON

These priceless artifacts are collected and displayed here on Echelon in the name of higher learning. Scour any planet, moon, or derelict alien vessel, and chances are it's worth something to the curators and collectors who keep up the museums and galleries.



A network of lighting, heating, and cooling devices along with organic and inorganic conversion systems has turned the planet's interior into the largest greenhouse ever devised. Mine shafts ascend to bustling intergalactic docking stations, shipping the fare across the Core Worlds.

THE BASIN

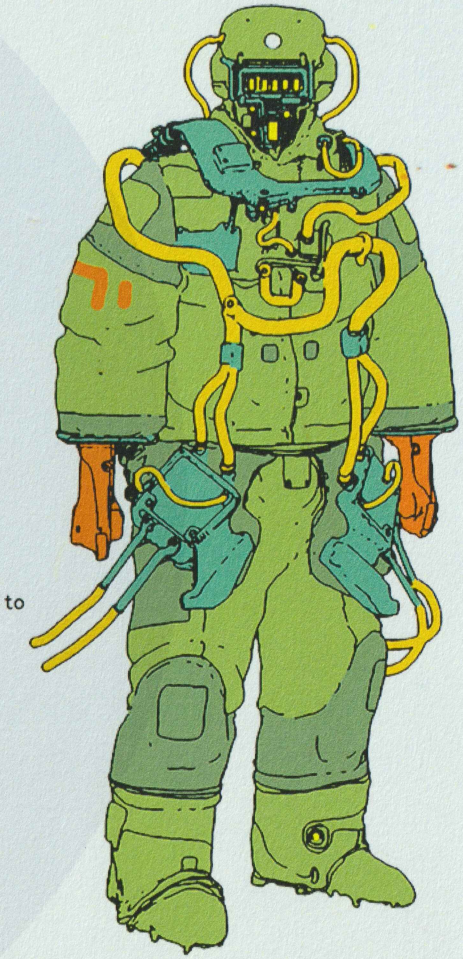
"PRODUCE AND PROSPER!"

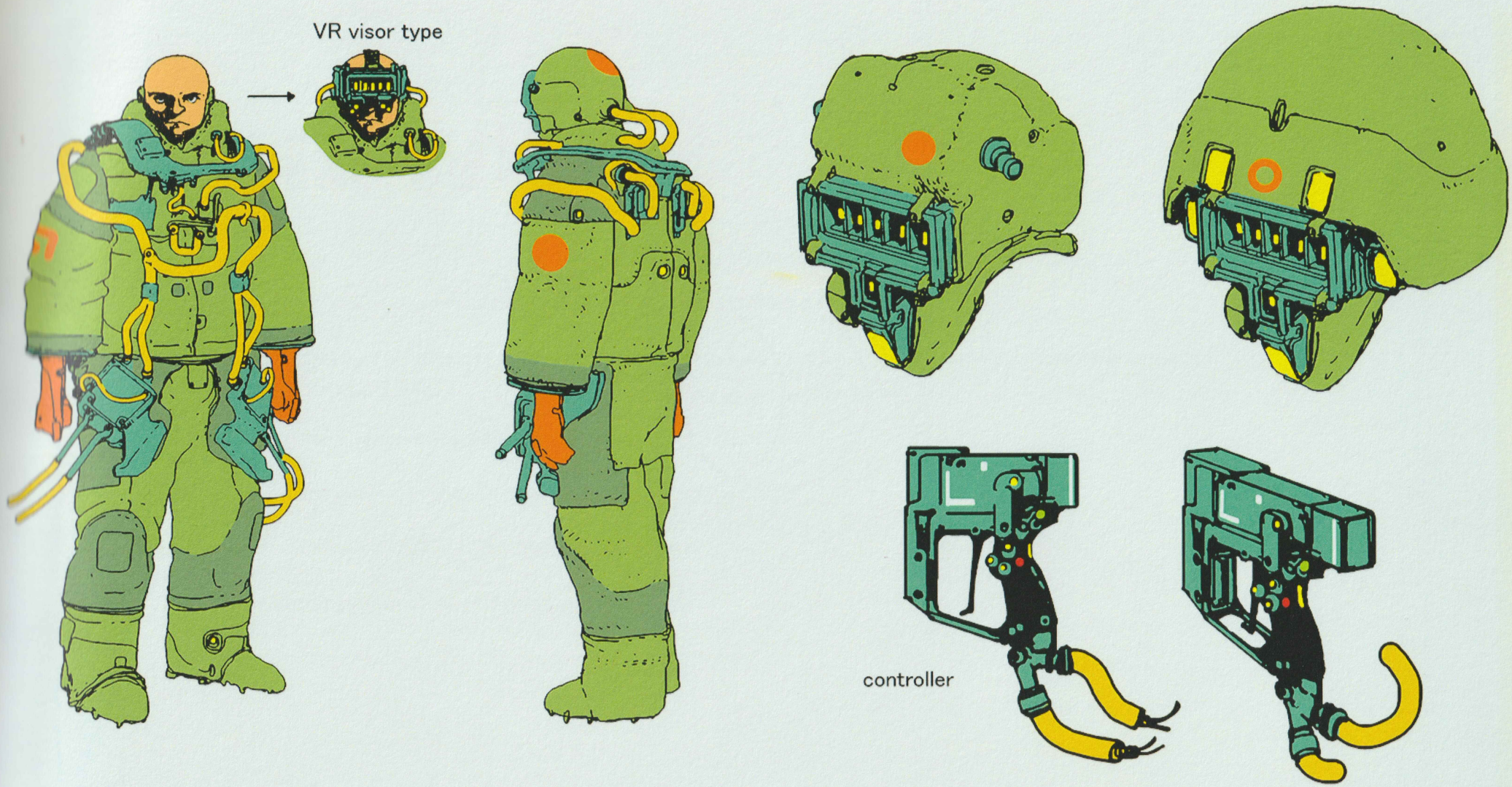
- FROM "WE, THE ALLIANCE," THE GUILD ANTHEM

THE GUILD ALLIANCE

The primary governing body of the Core Worlds, the Guild Alliance is composed of seven core planets with interwoven economic and political interests. The accord between those seven created a powerful union with vast influence and resources, anchored by a representative Republic in the capital on Harmony. Nothing happens in the Core Worlds without the say-so of the Guild and their military, easily recognizable by their signature green uniforms.

The Guild Alliance was the *Northstar's* former employer; every mission, job, trade, and decision required explicit approval. The Guild thrives on rules and order, and they didn't take kindly to the *Northstar* going missing, which is why the crews' mugs are now on wanted posters all across the galaxy.

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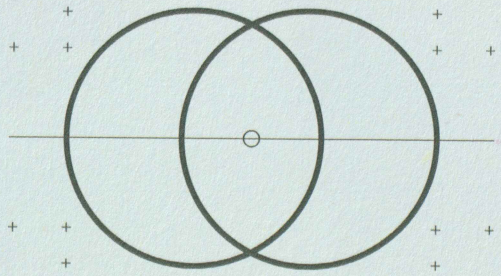


THE WILDS

You're looking for safety; you won't find it out here. The Wilds isn't that kind of place.

There are cities that answer to no one, unforgiving landscapes that will swallow you whole, and the constant buzz of danger around every corner.

Go traverse the **high peaks** of Silo, avoiding the burning ground below.

Dodge the **epic geysers - and frozen shipwrecks** - of Coral Nova.

Do battle for precious stones in the **mystical caves** of Hakkahn.

Beware the **toxic, pink mist** of the decimated Calamity.

Above all else, ***avoid the Nomads***... or prepare to fight to the death.

SILO

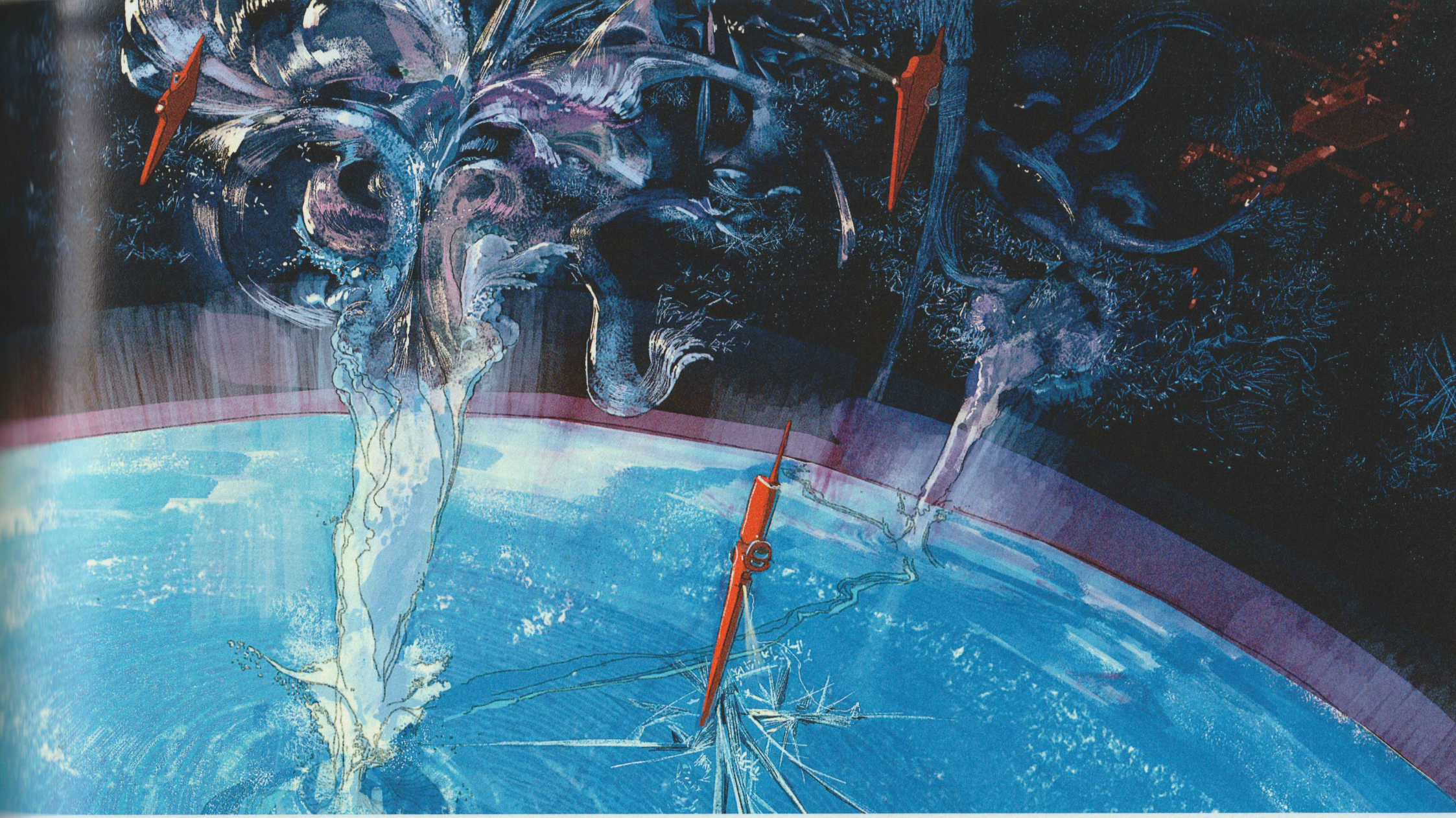
The simmering core of this planet has made the low ground a burning hot wasteland, but the buttes above are green and lush, and inside are whole civilizations. Their dwellings are suspended by ropes over a black, cavernous drop to the bottom... not for the faint of heart.

Here lies the front of a never-ending war, where pirates and natives clash over the highly coveted Aorta Stones, a powerful source of energy found in the deep caves of Hakkahn.

HAKKAHN

CALAMITY

Once a thriving trading port on the edge of the Wilds and the Core Worlds, Calamity became uninhabitable several years ago after a mysterious explosion that decimated the population. A thin layer of pink, toxic dust now covers the surface of the planet, and it is universally avoided by all travelers.



Trapped in the freeze of its orbit-breaking geysers are derelict ships that dared to navigate the unpredictable blasts, hoping to mine the most water-rich planet in the Wilds.

CORAL NOVA

THE NOMADS

Cutthroat gangs of thieves who have long terrorized the Wilds planets with impunity, these pirates are far beyond the lawful reach of The Guild. The Nomads stand as the most dominant, merciless faction of all.

Known for their ruthless and brazen attacks, they'll even dare to raid and pillage the Guild's outer colonies, knowing they can always escape back to their stronghold deep in the Craters. Little is known about them beyond rumors, and their theft of planetary riches has never been significantly challenged.

Until now.

"Mind the shadows...This is Nomad territory."

– LENNOX

TEMPEST

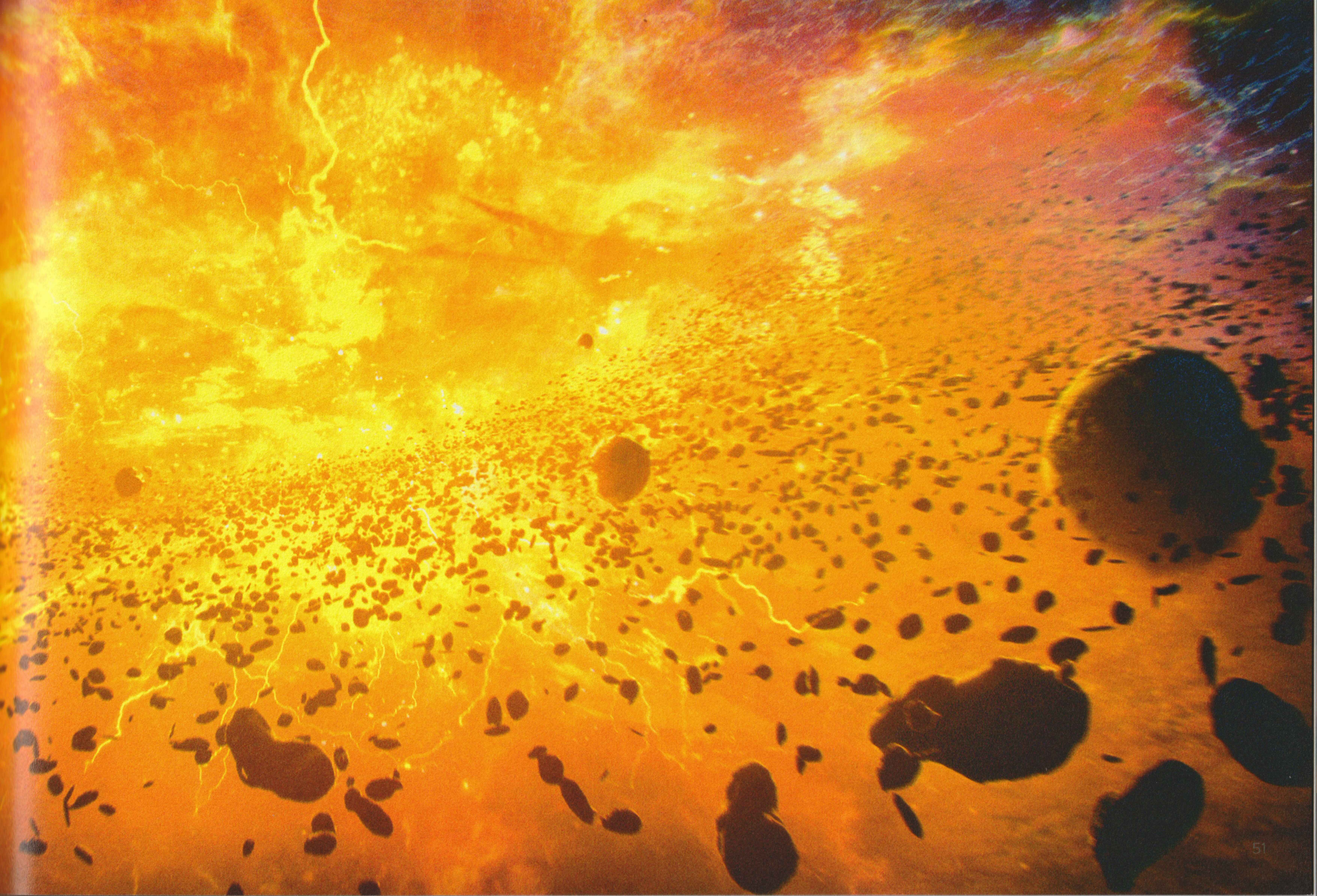
"I don't care what the old stories have to say, what magic lies inside; all I can feel is that we're out too far. The Tempest wants us to stay away."

– MINISTER WELSON, GUILD ALLIANCE CHAMBER OF SECURITY

The Tempest is a wall of chaos that divides the Core Worlds and The Wilds, a massive cluster of vortexes, storms, and tiny black holes swallowing anything within its reach. What lies at its center has become the subject of many tales and legends among the Core Worlds.

Some stories say it holds the last fragment of a "super planet" where the most powerful and mystical beings in the universe once called home; others tell of a insatiable, hungering maw slowly eating away at our galaxy. Attempts have been made to navigate its whirlwind energies, only to fall victim to its wrath. Distant surveys reveal at least one planet, if not many, have been decimated by its power.

The Guild Alliance strictly forbids all travel within a parsec of its pull.



WANTED

WHERE DOES OUR STORY BEGIN?

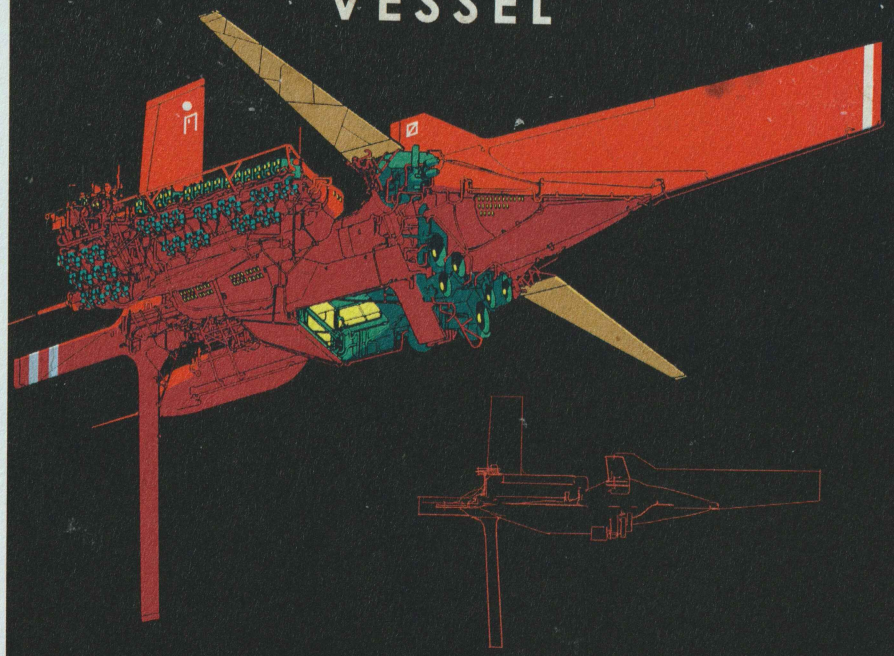
What are a bunch of ex-Guild employees, Core World inhabitants, and blue-collar workers doing on the other side of the Tempest, fighting pirates?

Making amends.

WANTED BY THE GBB

No. 555.95595 B

THE NORTHSTAR VESSEL



ss: Cargo/Transport
del: AP-MT 305
ke: Trillium Starships
#: 1535454848-7879ZZD2
or: Red (Last known)
nufacturer: Trillium/Guild Alliance
marks: Vessel may have been modified

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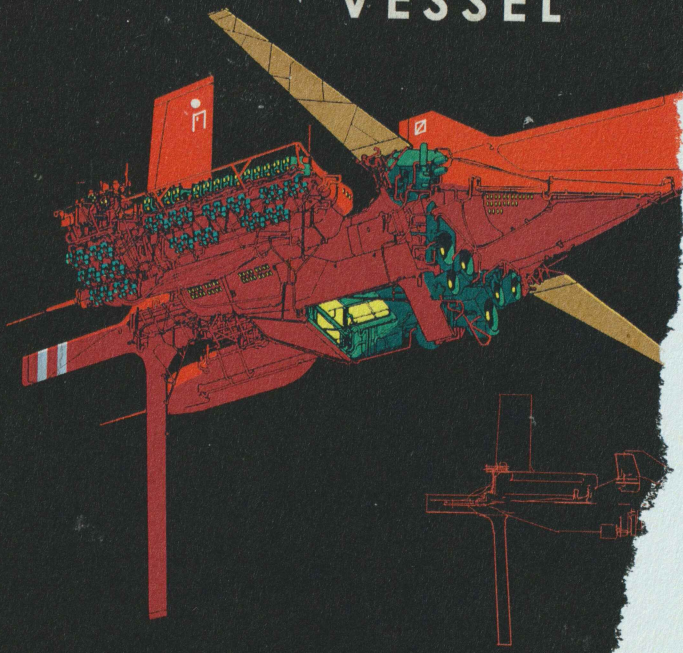
RIMINAL INTENT

CAUTION

WANTED

THE NORTHSTA VESSEL



Class: Cargo/Transport
Model: AP-MT 305
Make: Trillium Starships
Vin#: 1535454848-7879ZZD2
Color: Red (Last known)
Manufacturer: Trillium/Guild Alliance
Remarks: Vessel may have been modified

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RIMINAL INTENT

There used to be a time when we played by the Guild's rules, but all that went to hell after Calamity.

Back then, we were the best in the biz, and the Northstar was the Guild's go-to for any transport run within the Core Worlds, especially the dangerous ones. We were fearless, fast, and reliable... never skimmed off the top, delivered cargo on time, and protected our own.

So, when the call came to head to a little colony on a budding planet called Estera, it was business as usual. They had come across a rare stone out there, one that seemed to be a powerful energy source. The rumors were it could be more valuable than Aorta, but the Guild needed to assess it first. That's where we came in: drop in on their operation way out there on the edge, pay them for their rocks, and haul them back to New Foundry. Get paid, kick back a bit at Siren, wait for the next call.

Most places on the edge are rough, folks barely holding on, selling anything the Guild will pay for. But Estera was different. It was like stepping out into some kind of serene wonderland. Something in the air. Families here weren't just happy; they were thriving.

We didn't want to leave. Their ambassador, Melta, and her family cooked us the best meal ever concocted, hands down. A man named Hyaden let his daughter do the honor of the presentation of the stones; it was a family affair. We never saw anything like it. Cricket raced the children. Lennox let them hold his gun, which never happens. Star Child laughed at a joke. They were extraordinarily kind to us.

But the job is the job. We knew we'd be back again, especially if the stones proved worth it. We were locked, loaded, and en route to break orbit....

Then all hell broke loose.

A fleet of the ships from who-knows-where crackled out of the darkness, dashing toward the surface of Estera, one after another. We tried to make contact, but they weren't on any Guild comm network. One or two pirate vessels and we'd just throw down, but this was a whole damn army of them. And when we saw "Nomads" scrawled on the sides of their ships, we understood what we were dealing with.

This wasn't just a random looting; it was a bloodthirsty invasion. Lifeless bodies being dragged through the streets. Shots to the head, point-blank. Children running for their lives, screaming.

Aboard the Northstar, it was chaos. I called back to dispatch on Harmony, knowing that no one could make it out here in time to help. The words I heard back still haunt me. "Do not engage. Your cargo is valuable; bring it here immediately before you're next." Everyone was panicked, the instantaneous weighing of our moral responsibility against the job. But we knew what we had to do.

We cut the haul loose to lighten our weight and spun around, blasting back toward the heart of the fight. We just were about to touch down when a massive explosion hurled us back. It took all the skills I had get us out of those shatter-filled skies.

We circled the planet from the safe black of space, as those damn grey ships shot out of those billowing pink clouds as quickly they came.

Then we went back down to the surface, but **there was nothing left.**

The sky was now filled with pink, toxic dust. Stepping out, we immediately felt our lungs closing up and were forced back inside the Northstar, gasping for breath. We flew over the surface, looking for survivors, but it was clear that whatever was in the air now had killed them all. Some had fallen right where we'd left them. Eerie and still. Not bloody... frozen. We saw Hyaden's body, shielding his daughter's. We couldn't find Melta, but saw her children lying together. **We could only watch through the windows of our ship. Helpless.** We even tried looking for the haul, but we knew the Tempest would've swallowed it up by now.

When we got back to Harmony, we were blacklisted - disobeying orders and losing cargo (especially cargo that valuable) was a one-two punch. We all dealt with the guilt differently, moving on to different jobs, different lives, but all of us were hiding. The story of Estera, the pink planet, morphed and grew over time into "Calamity," adopting a fable-like quality, about the dangers of the Nomads, of playing with fire, of living on the edge. The Guild Alliance ceased its support for every colony out there and demanded the all return to safety immediately. Some listened, but others wouldn't abandon their homes... some even went deeper in.

It made me wonder how many were out there, fighting off pirate factions, with no support, no reinforcements. **No one had their backs.**

But not anymore...

You see, I found a map of the Wilds. On it are a few Xs where these pirates hide their stolen treasures. And the Northstar, well, it was all set to be mothballed when I found a way to relieve them of that burden.

Now I'm going back out there, to steal back what was stolen in the first place, and help folks that need someone in their corner. It's not exactly following the rules, but the rules broke after Calamity, and I'm not eager to fix 'em.

So, what do you say?

Are you in?

VANTED BY THE GBB

NORTHSTAR VESSEL CREW

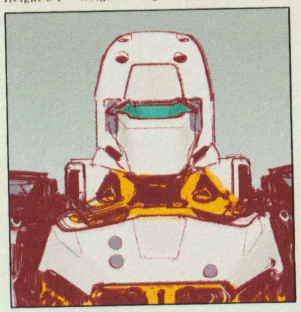
VANTED IN CONNECTION TO: THEFT OF GUILD PROPERTY, CONSPIRACY, MAYHEM,
XTORTION, TRESSPASSING, MONEY LAUNDERING, DRESSCODE VIOLATIONS, ILLEGALLY MODIFIED WEAPONS AND VEHICLES

REWARD: The Guild is offering 1.5million Klimts each for their capture/return

Alias: Cricket
Height:6'1" Weight:160elgs Race:Human

Alias: Lennox
Height:6' Weight:172elgs Race:Calaxon

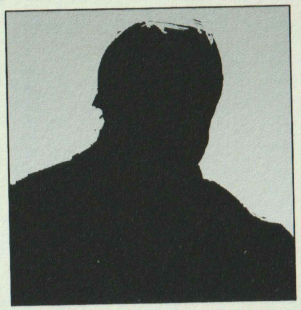
Alias: StarChild
Height:7'4" Weight:355elgs Race:Folterian



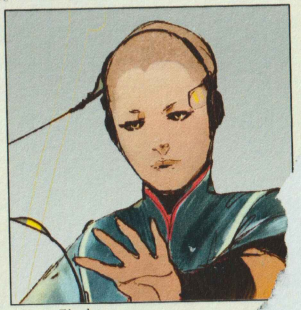
Alias: Attica
Height:7' Weight:Unkown Race:Robot

Alias: Haymar
Height:5'6" Weight:140elgs Race:Human-ish

Alias: Percy
Height:5'2" Weight:150elgs Race:Hu



Alias: Unknown
Height:8ft Weight:400elgs Race:Big



Alias: Shaka
Height:4'8" Weight:100elgs Race:Unko

CRIMINAL RECORD **CAUT**

THE ADVENTURE CONTINUES

Our journey doesn't end here.

We've gotten distress calls from planets all over the Wilds... places that aren't on any map.

There's a rumor that there's still life on Calamity.

Someday, we're going to make it all the way to the pirate stronghold, the Craters.

And we plan to be the first ship to ever travel into the depths of the Tempest and learn the truth of what caused it.

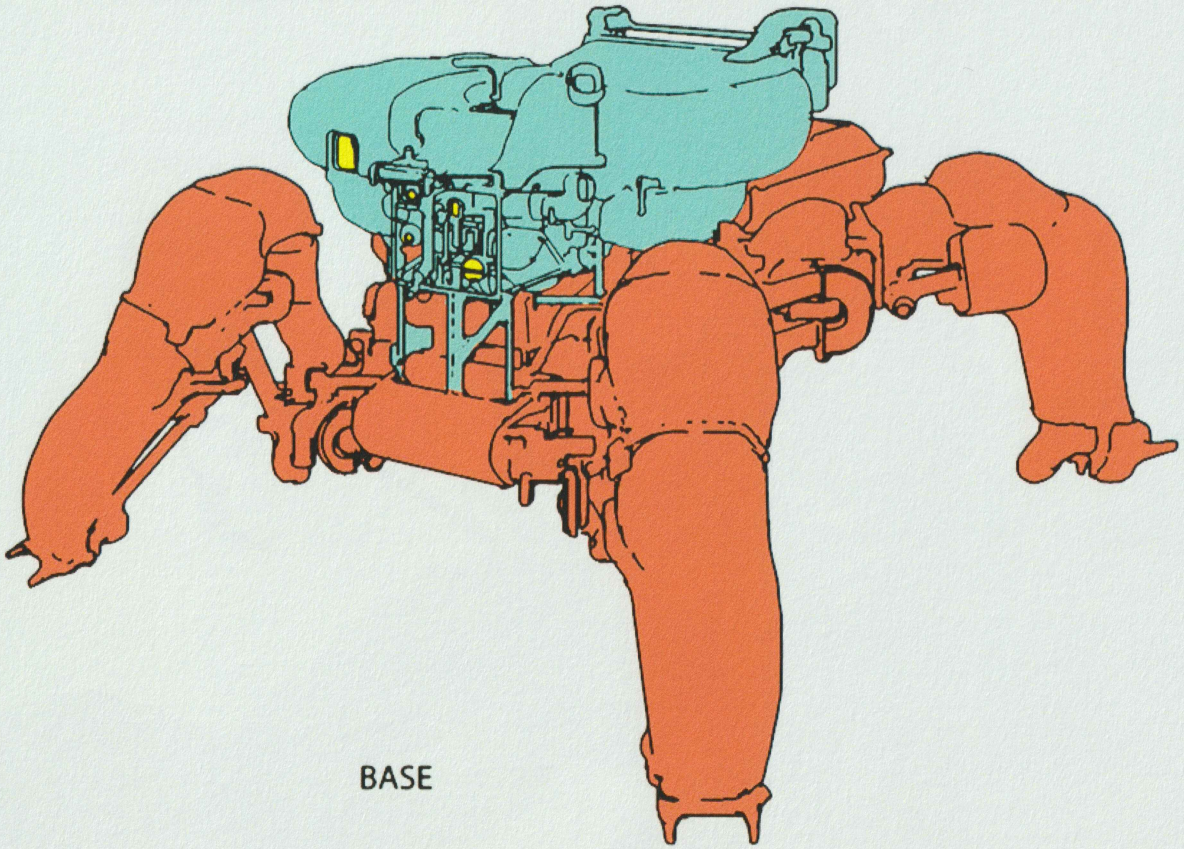
There's so much more to explore. There's more folks who need our help.

And this crew is up to the challenge.

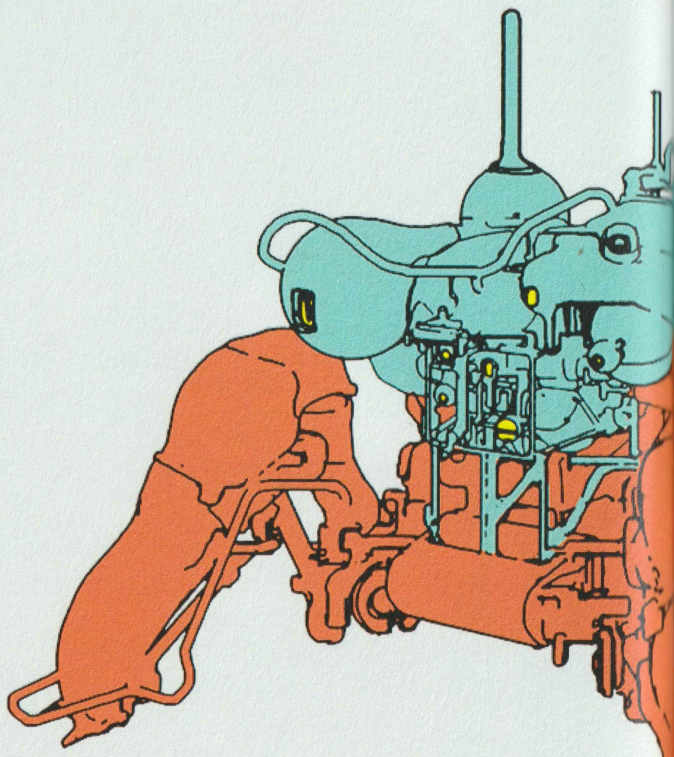
ADDITIONAL EXPLORATIONS

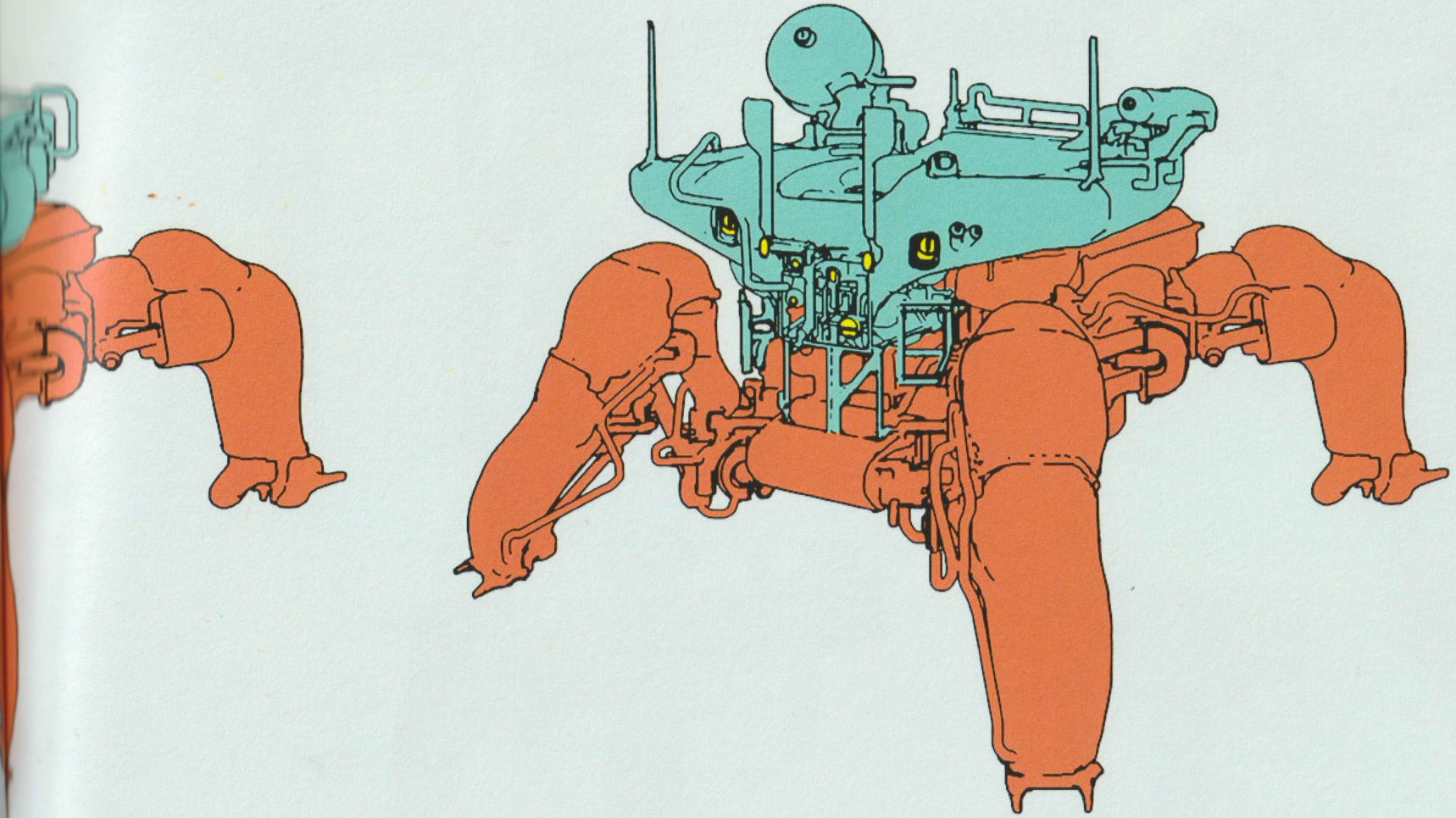
In building this galaxy and story, we've created concept art for different characters, locations, ships, armor, weapons, graphics, logos, and skins, and there's more to come.

The following pages will give you a peek into our in-progress explorations. We'll continue to develop these avenues and others as we hone in on our visual language, style, and tone for CONCORD.



BASE





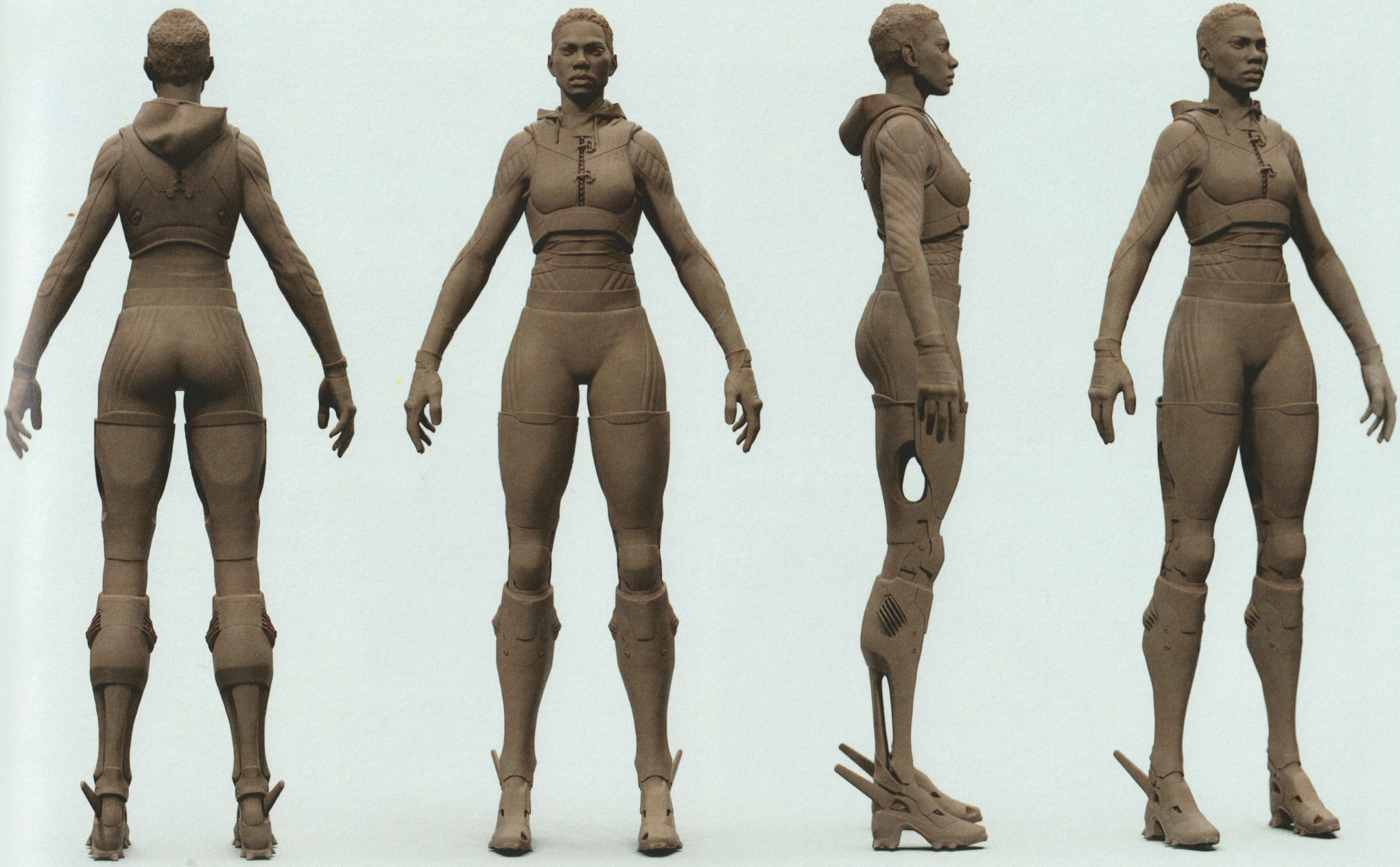
"Trunks": examples of some stolen Guild Alliance mobile-base units players might deploy to secure a captured area or lock down targeted area

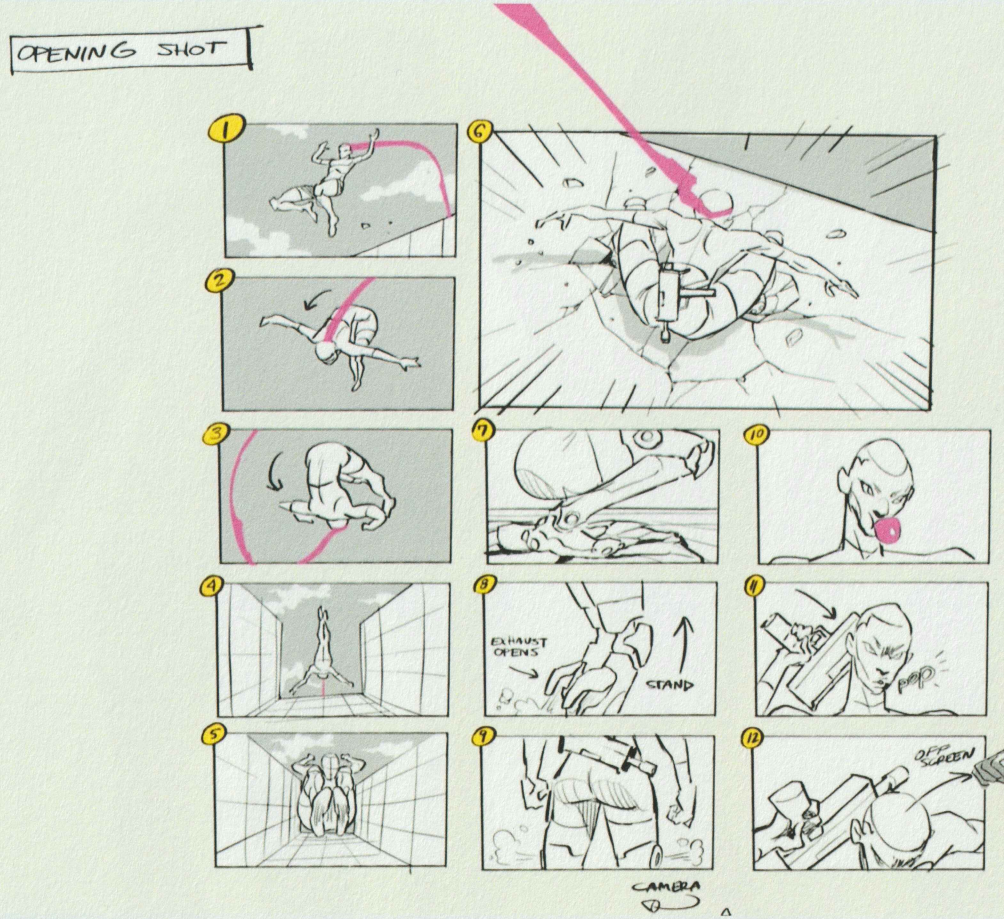
CRICKET

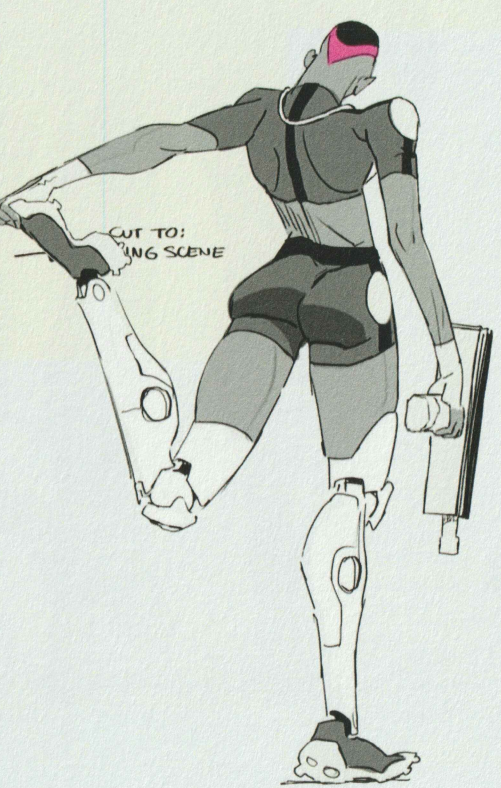
Cricket in action, along with some color explorations of her favorite weapon, Glitter Death

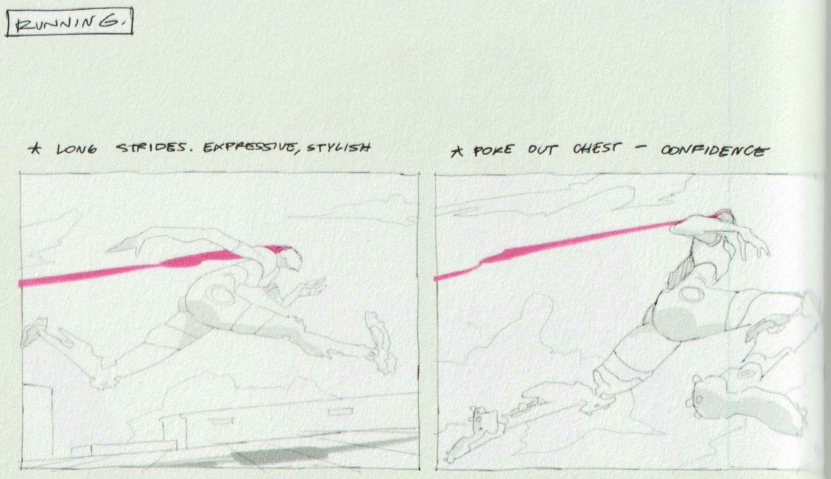
Skin explorations for Cricket

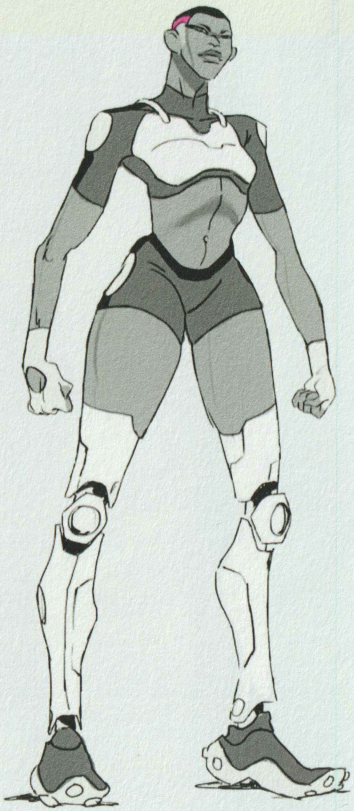
Models of Cricket









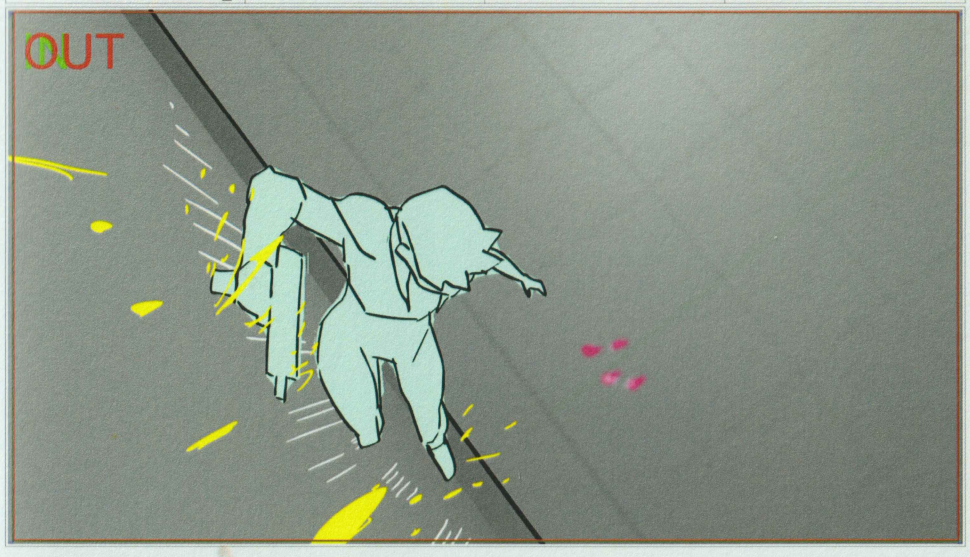


Storyboards and style explorations for Cricket

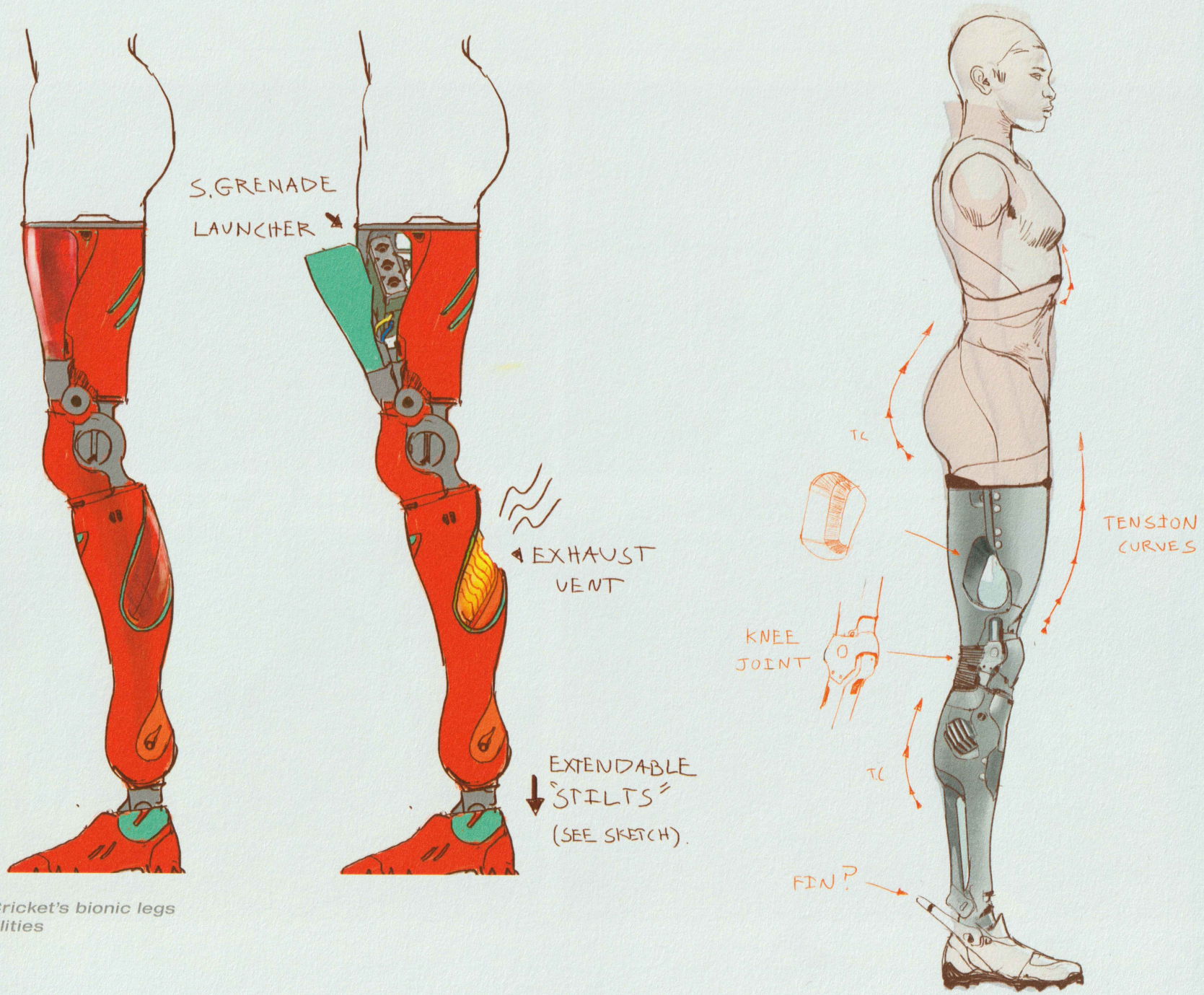
Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
10_B	01:06	5	00:03

Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
10_A	02:13	24	00:02

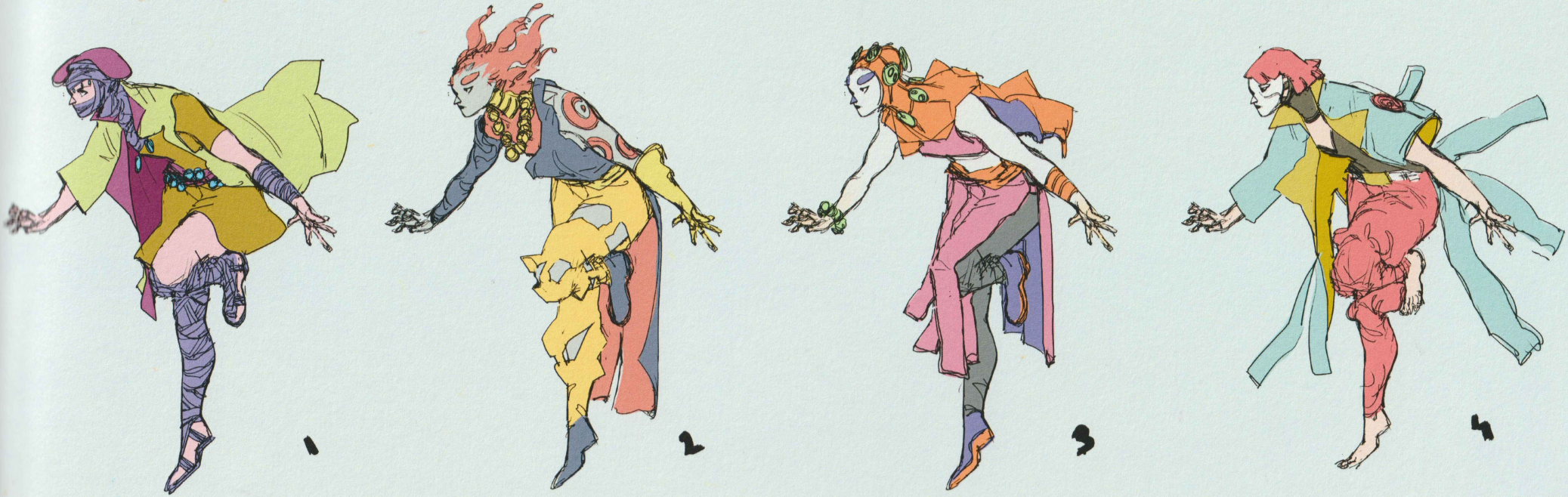
Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
10_A	02:13	14	00:02



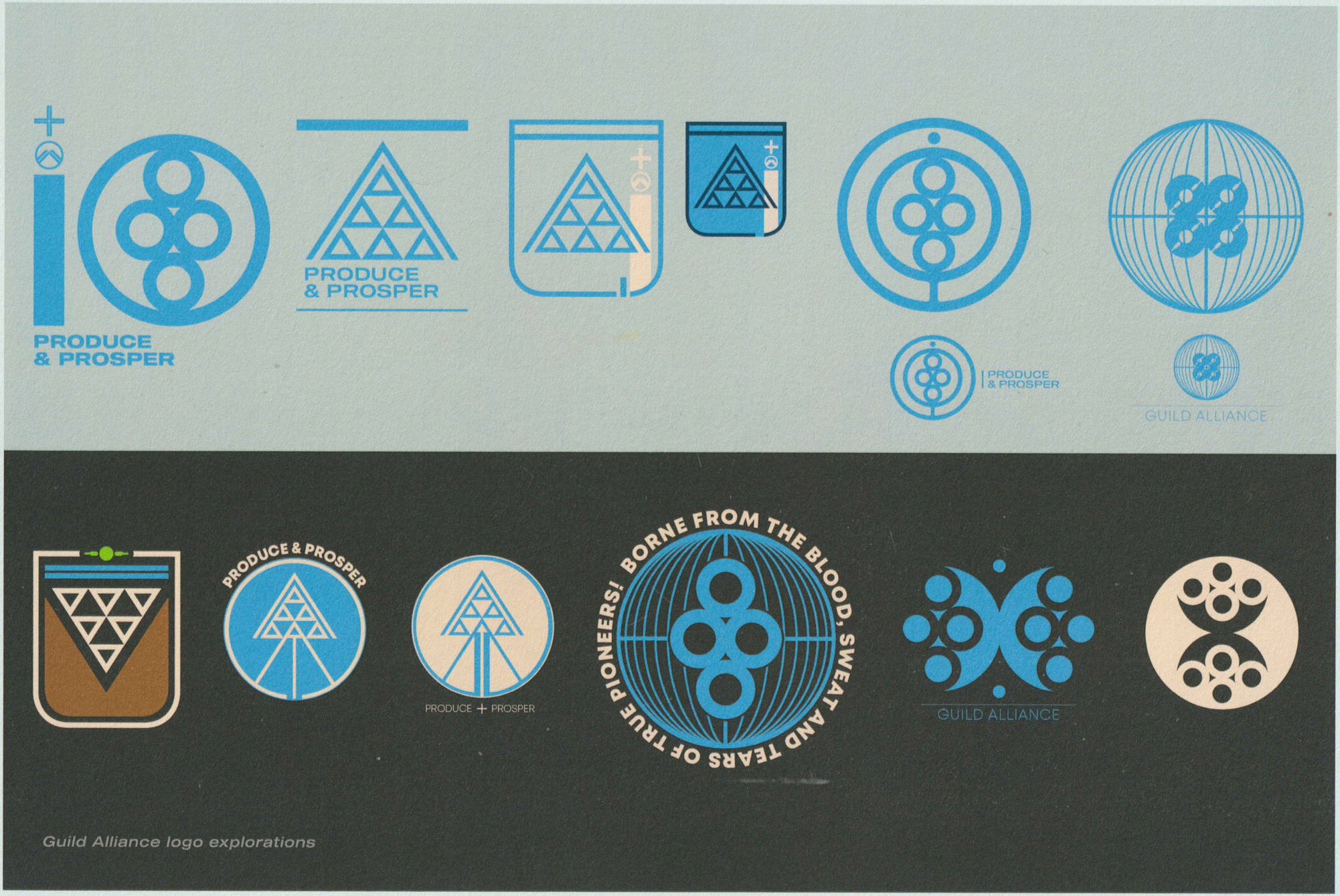
Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
11_A	01:07	1	01:07



Designs of Cricket's bionic legs and their abilities

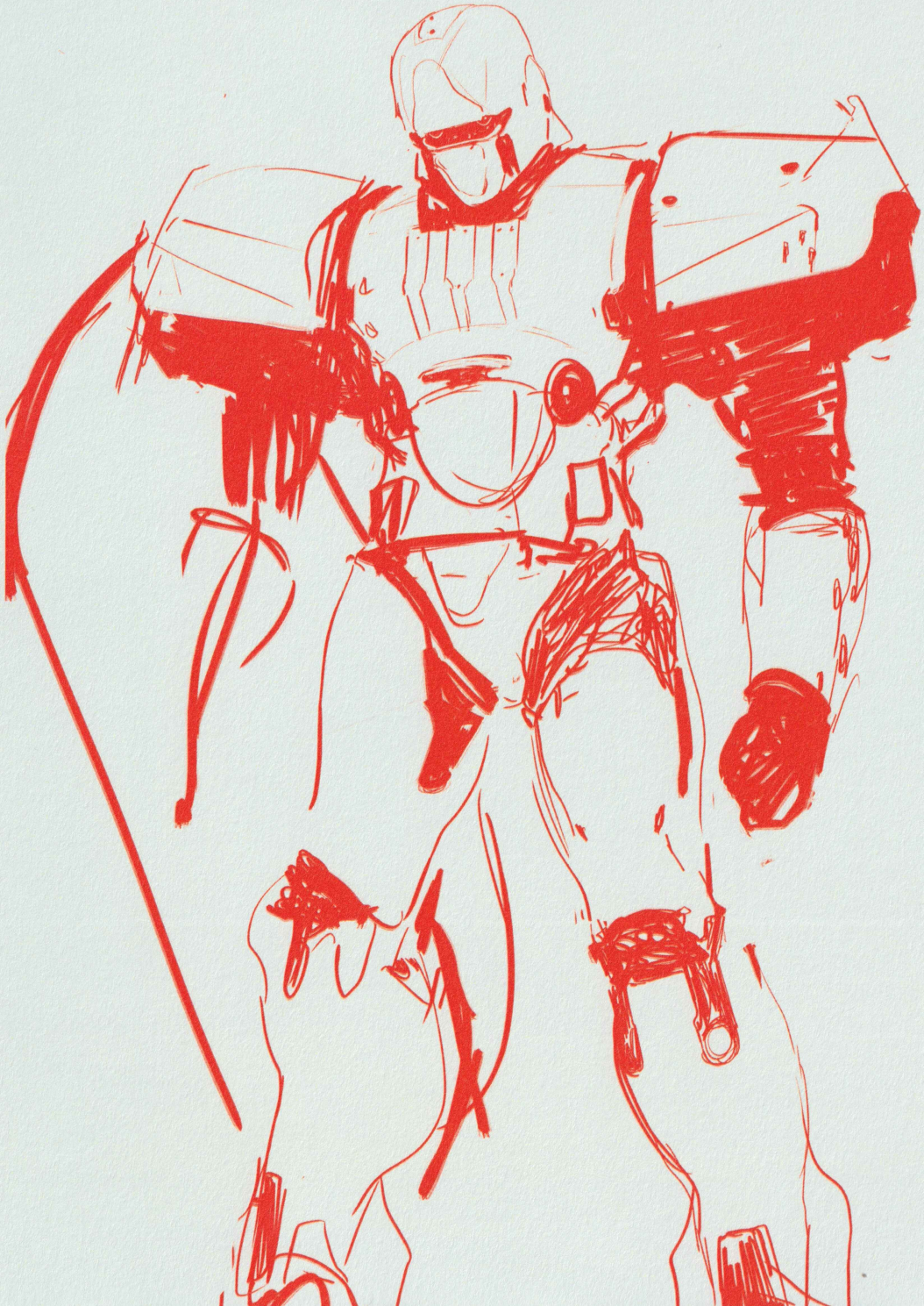


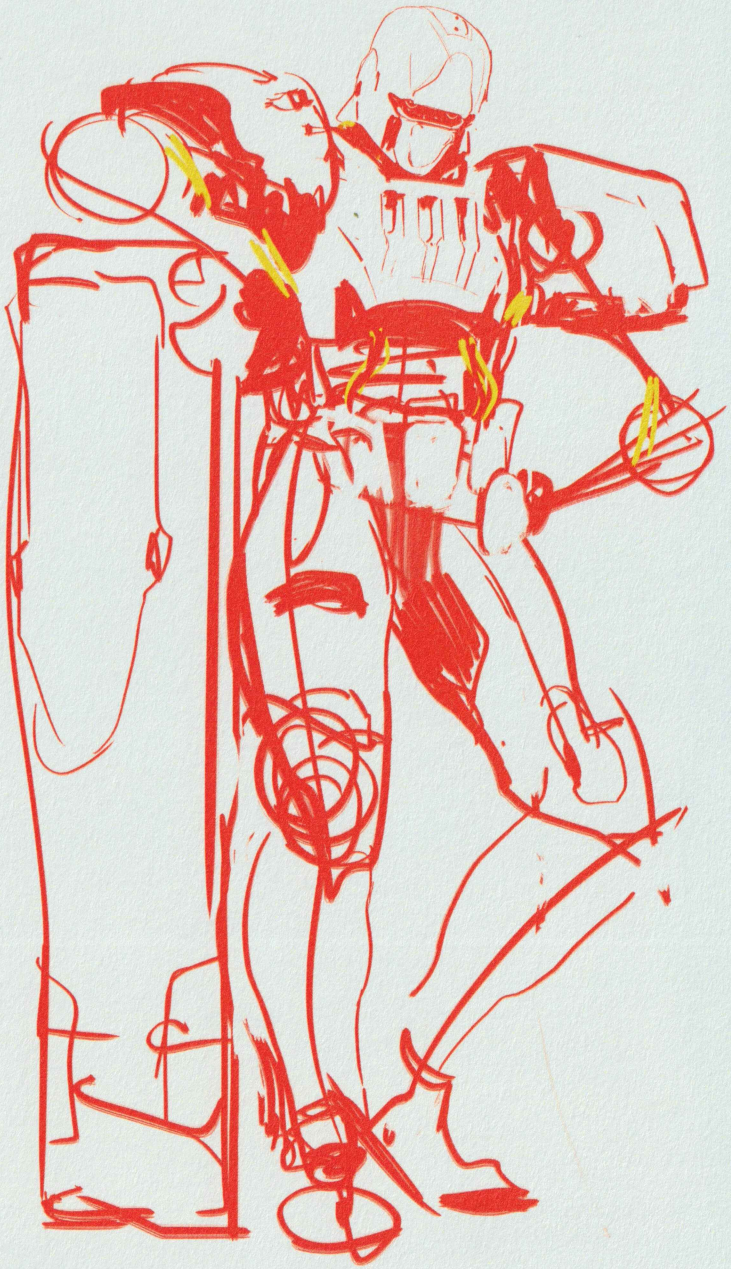
Explorations for Haymar skins

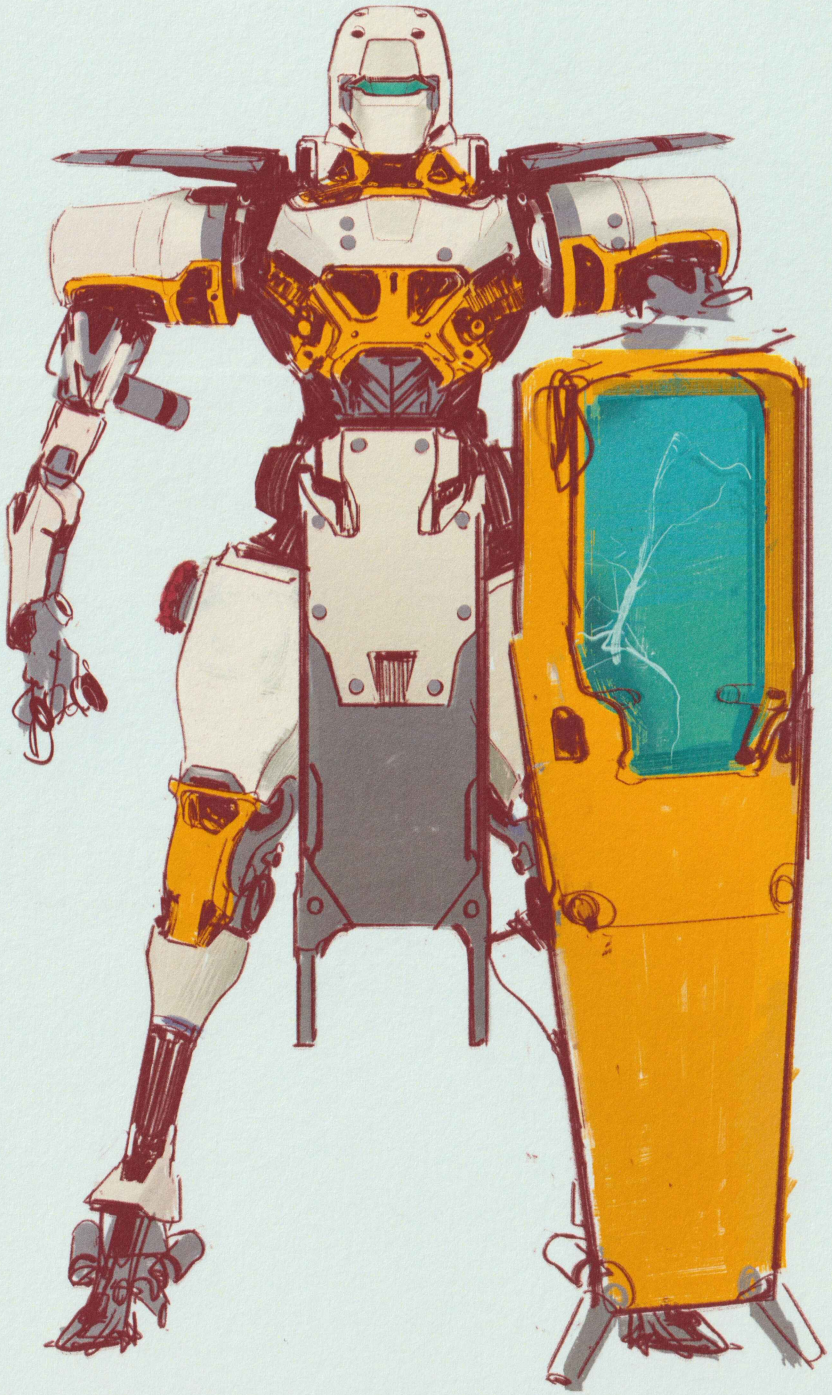


Guild Alliance logo explorations

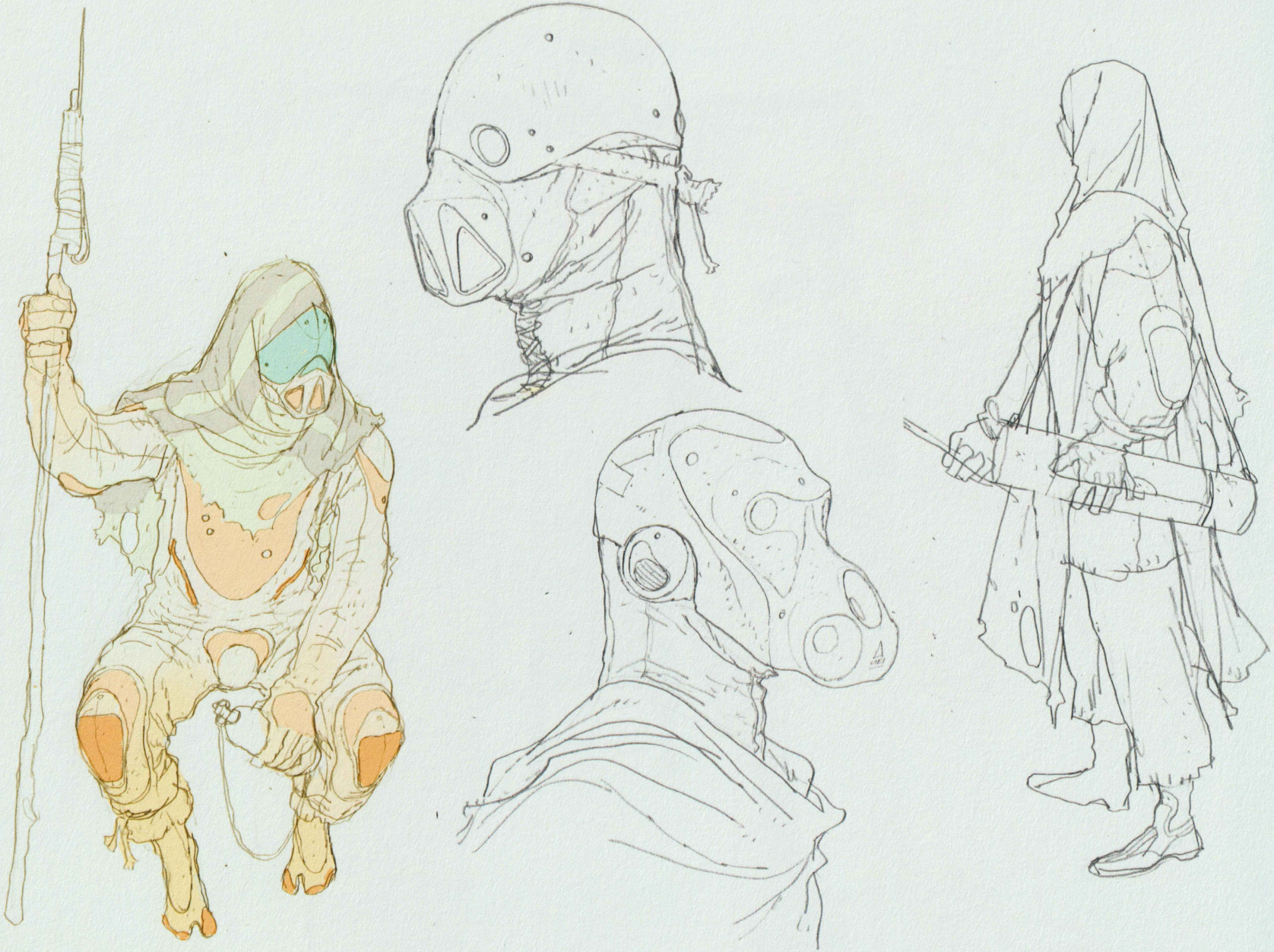
Concept of Northstar Interior



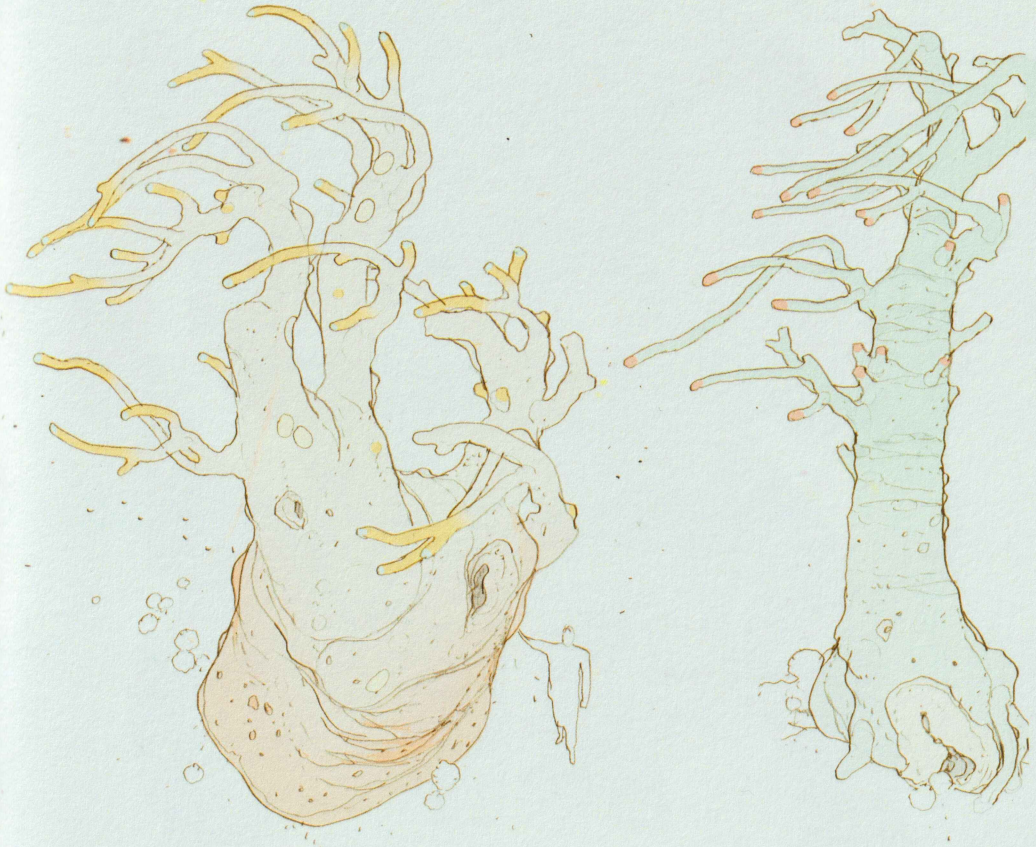


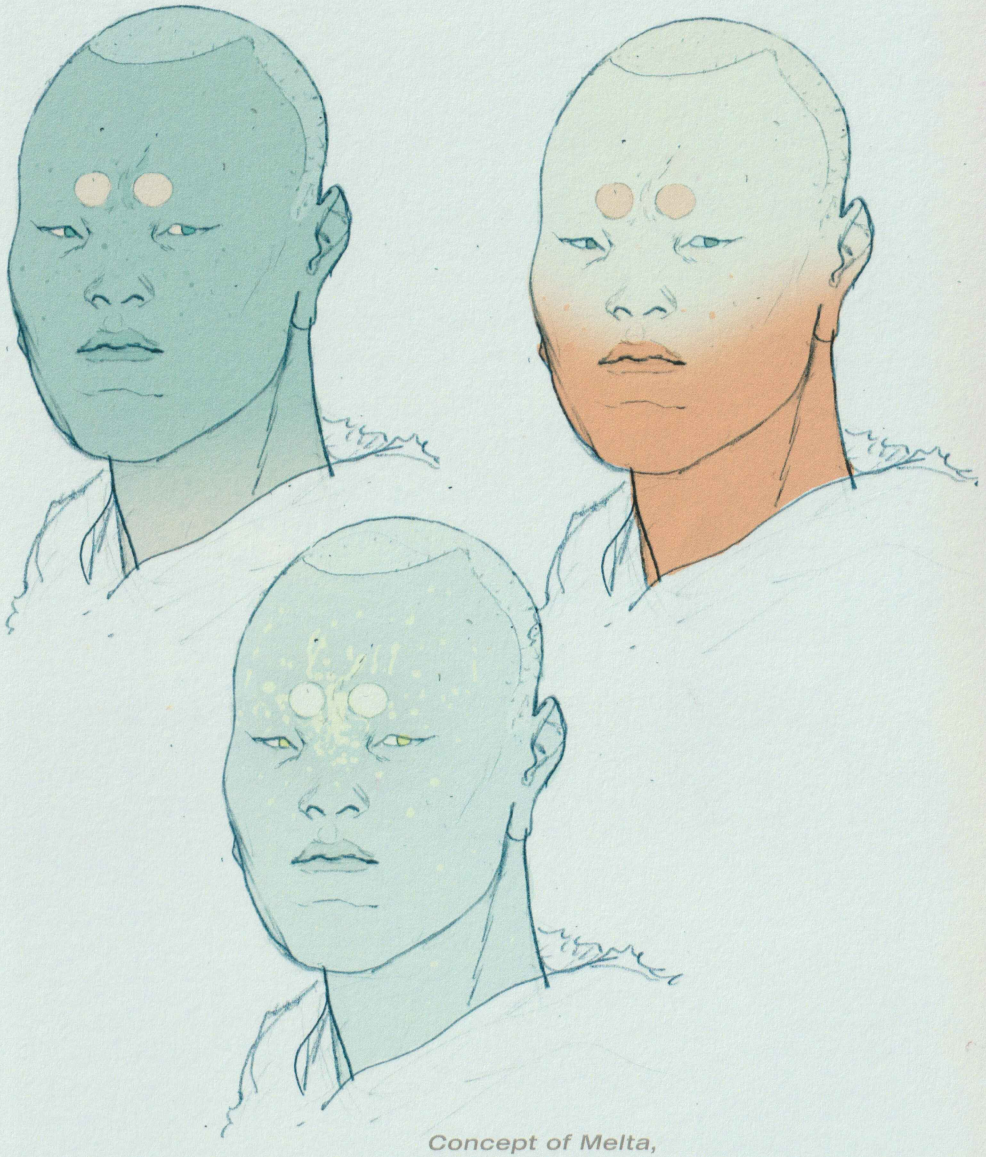


Explorations of a protector robot

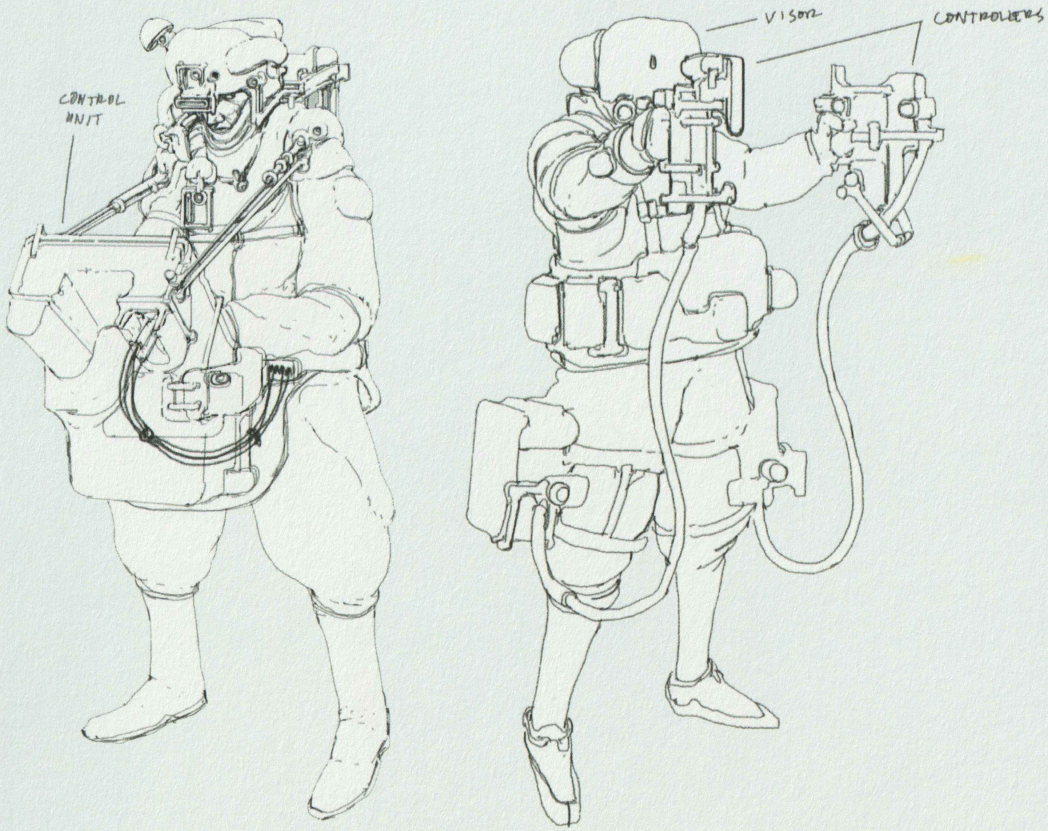


Sole survivor on Calamity



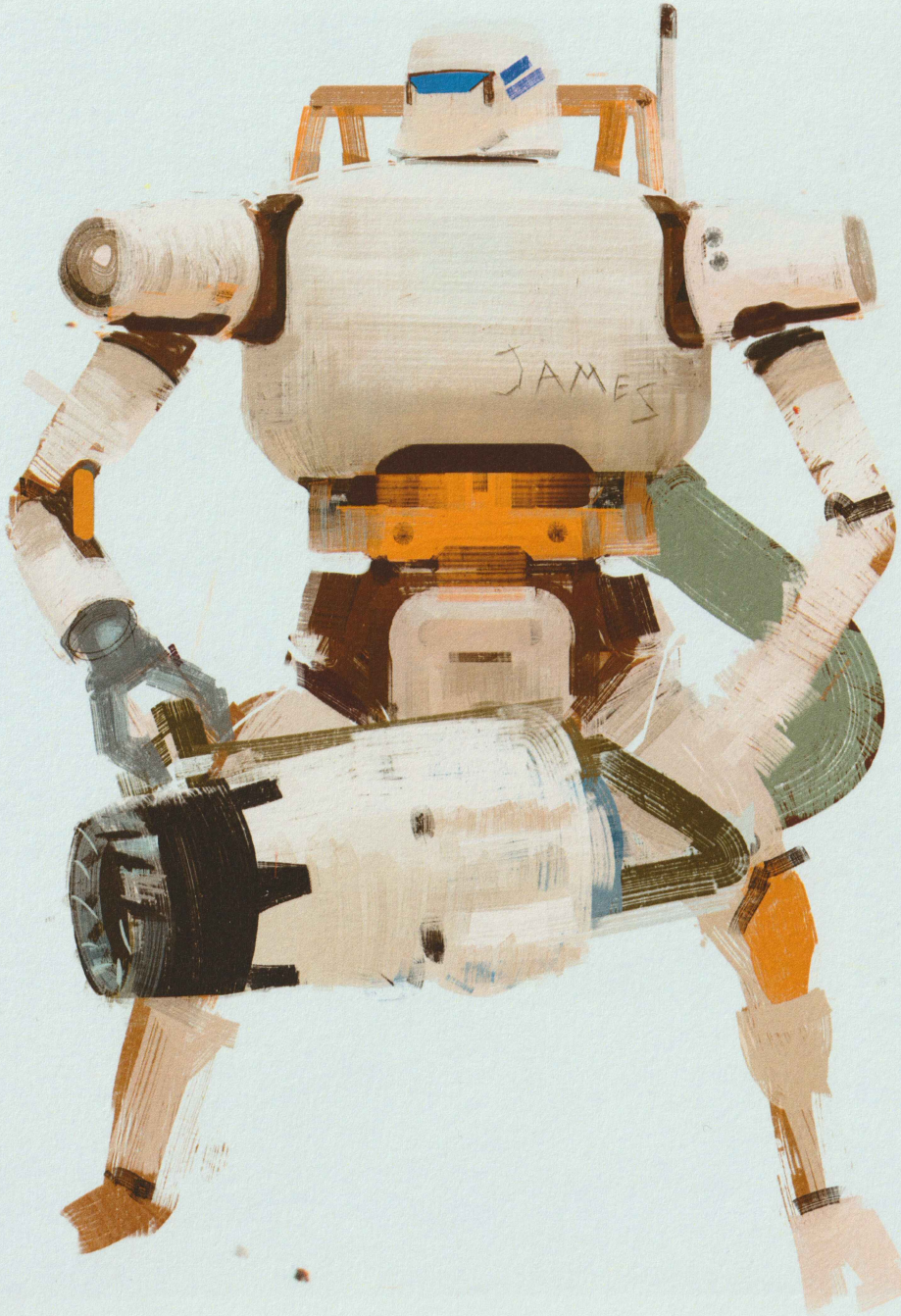


Concept of Melta,
matriarch on Calamity



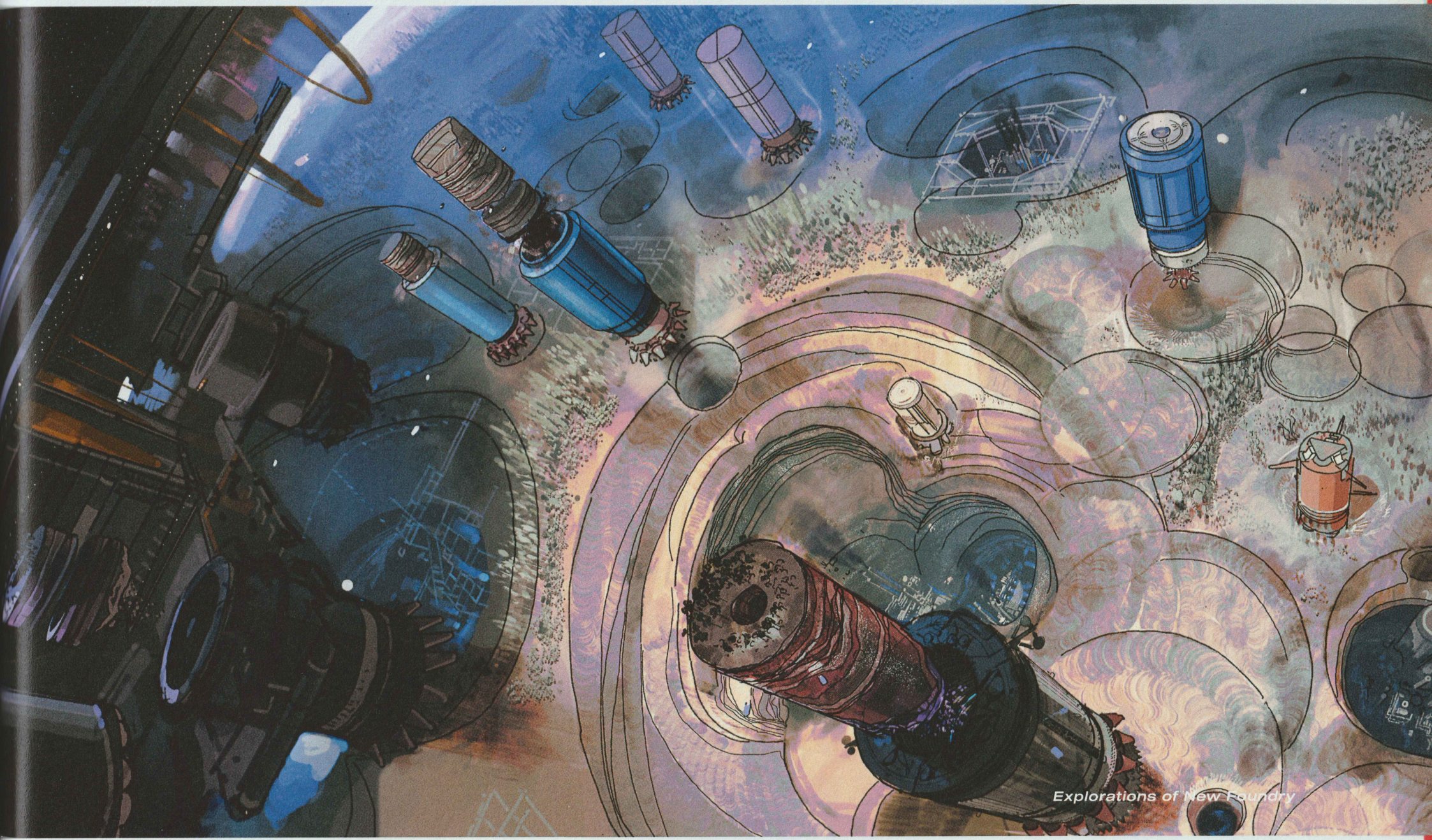
Concepts for a remote operator

Koen, an alien friend of Cricket's

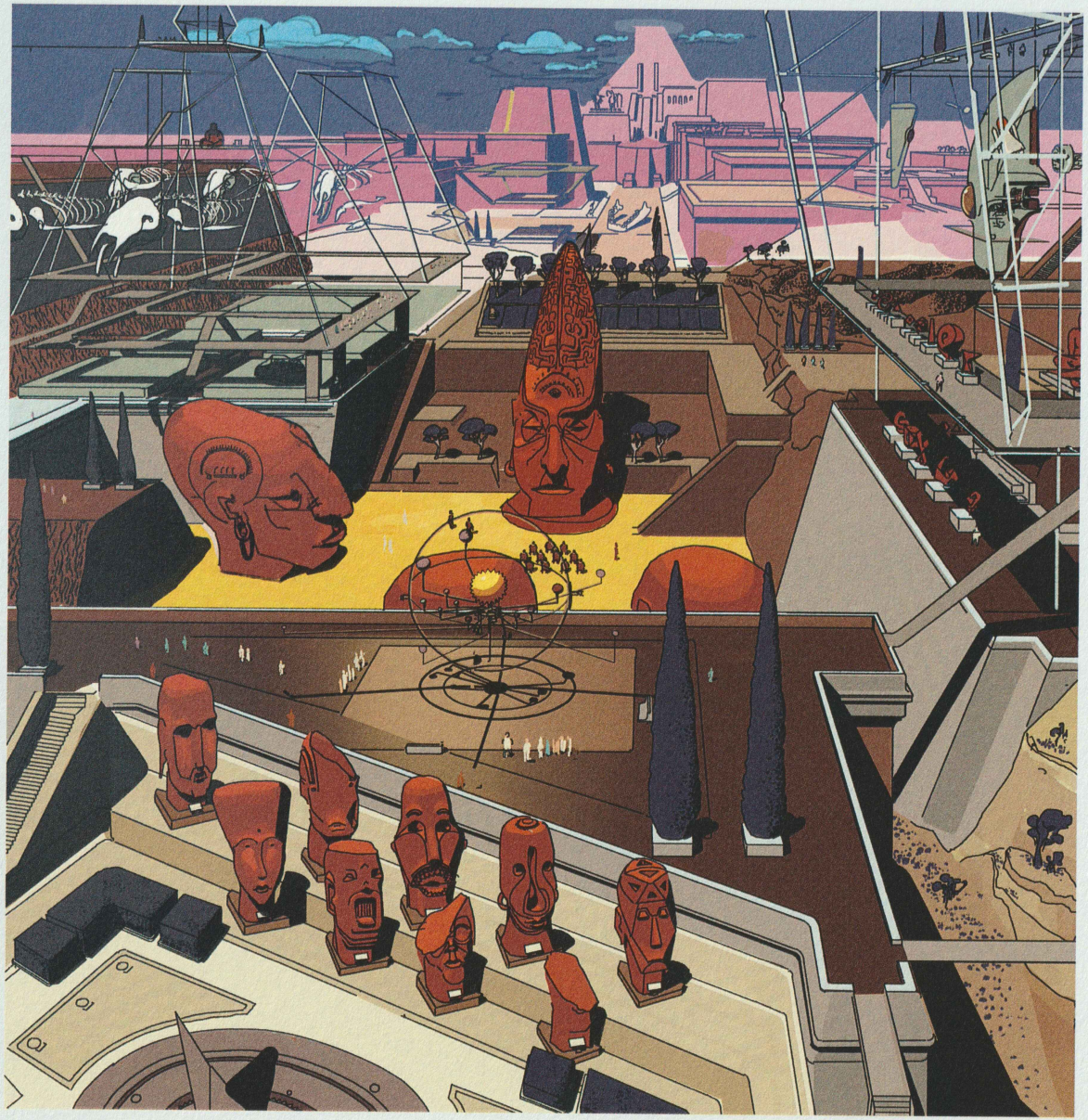


Concepts for mystic powers and possible robot design

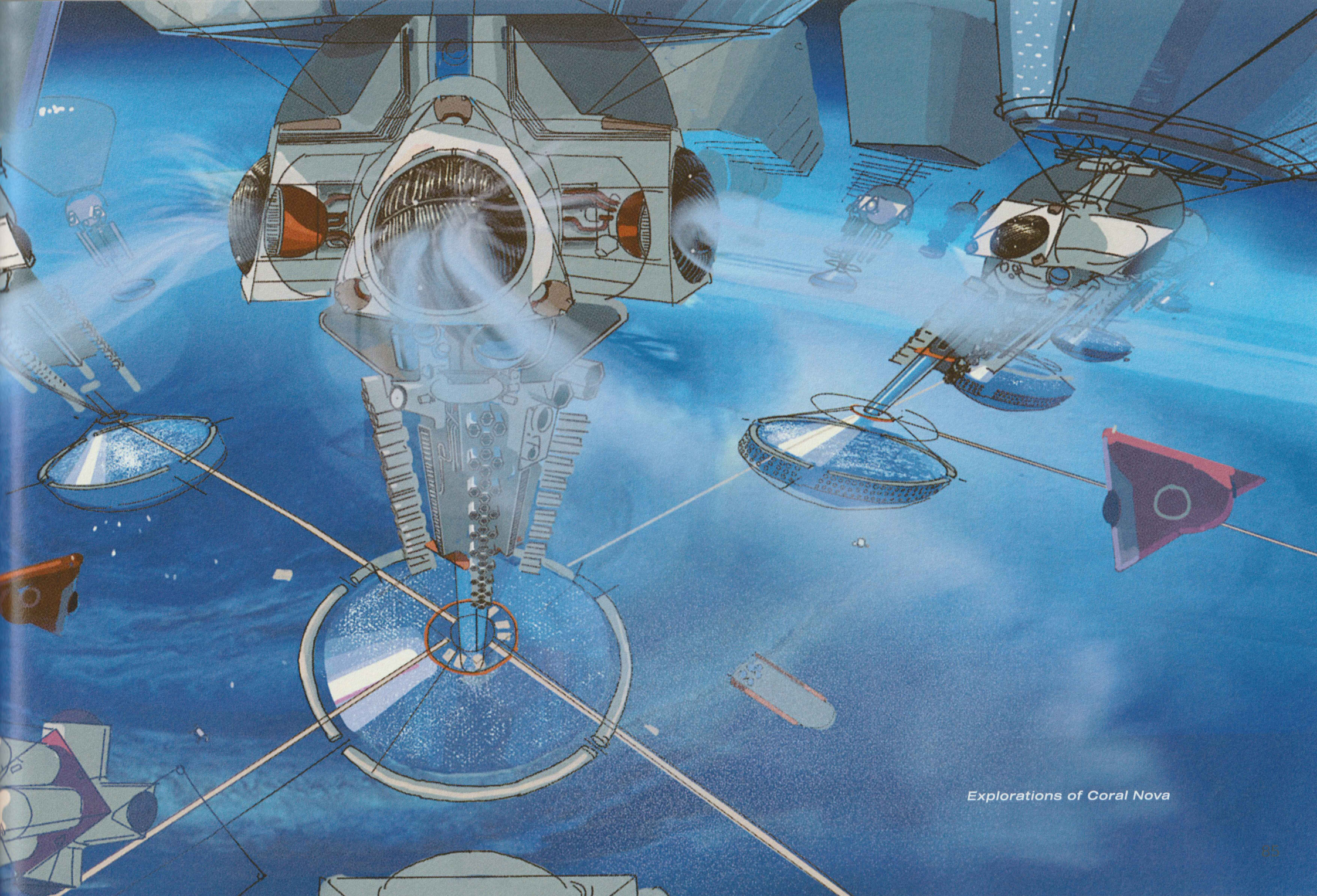
Battle explorations featuring Cricket and Star Child



Explorations of New Foundry

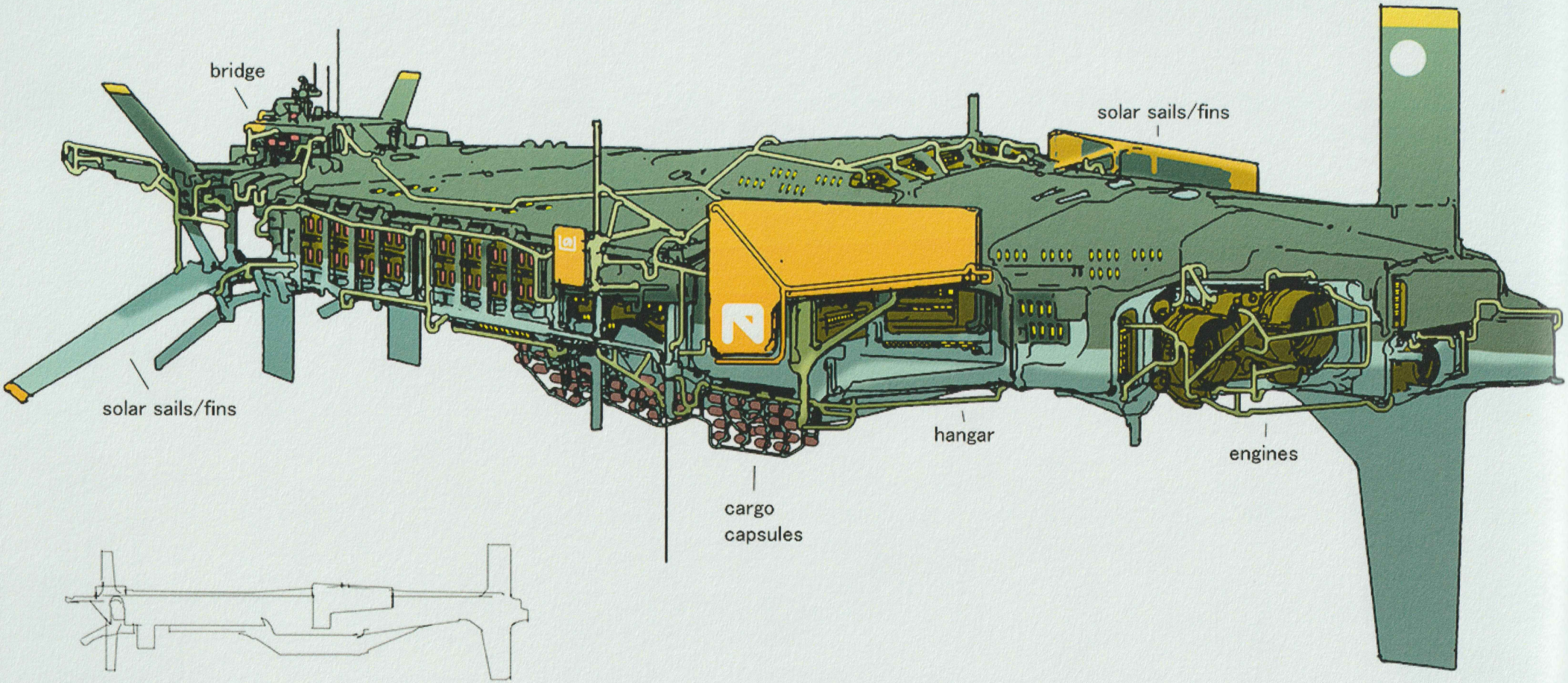


Explorations of Echelon



Explorations of Coral Nova

Northstar explorations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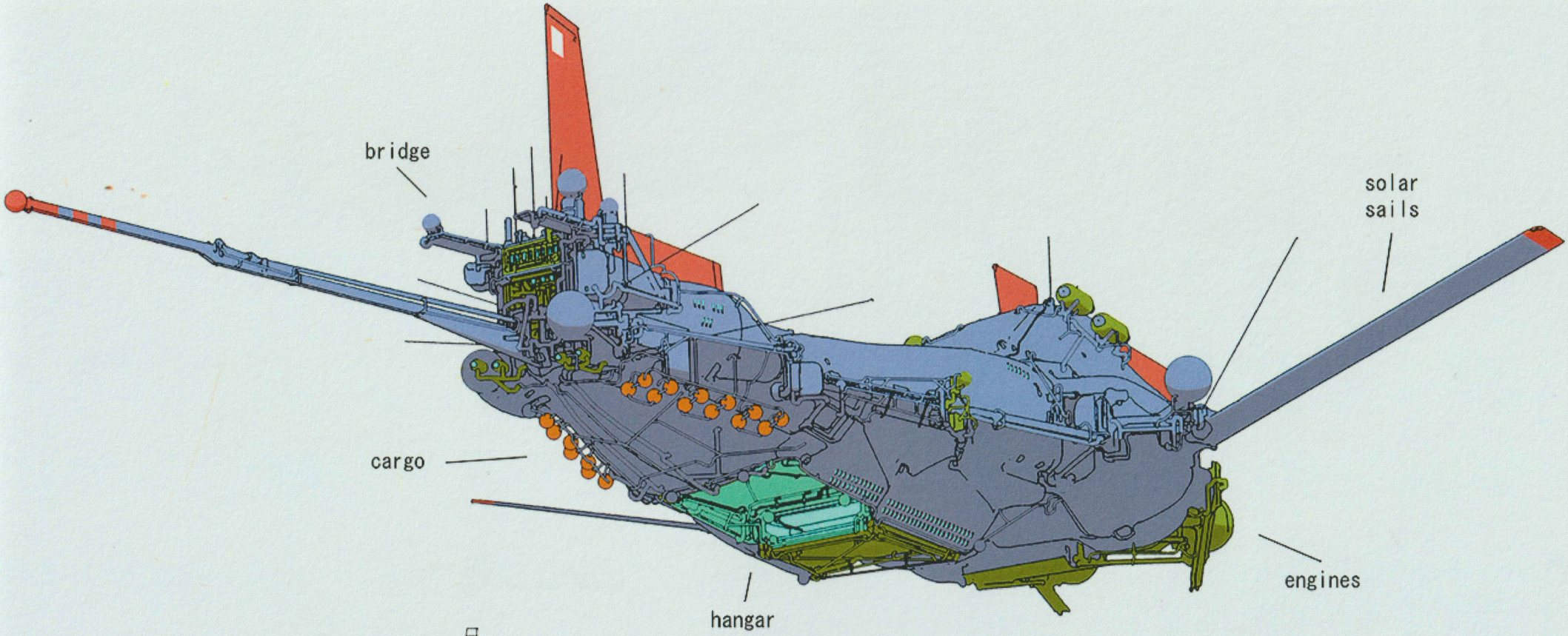
solar sails/fins
solar sails/fins
hangar
engines
cargo
capsules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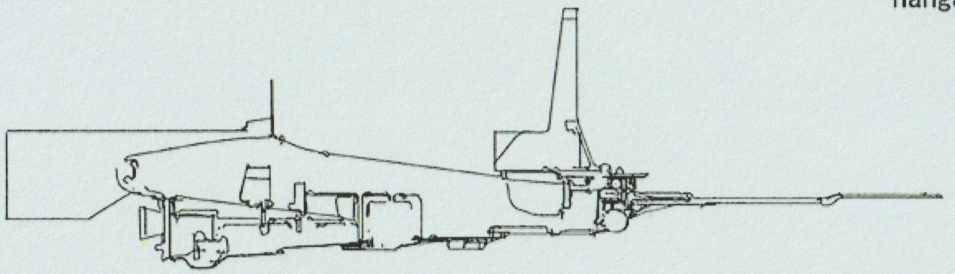

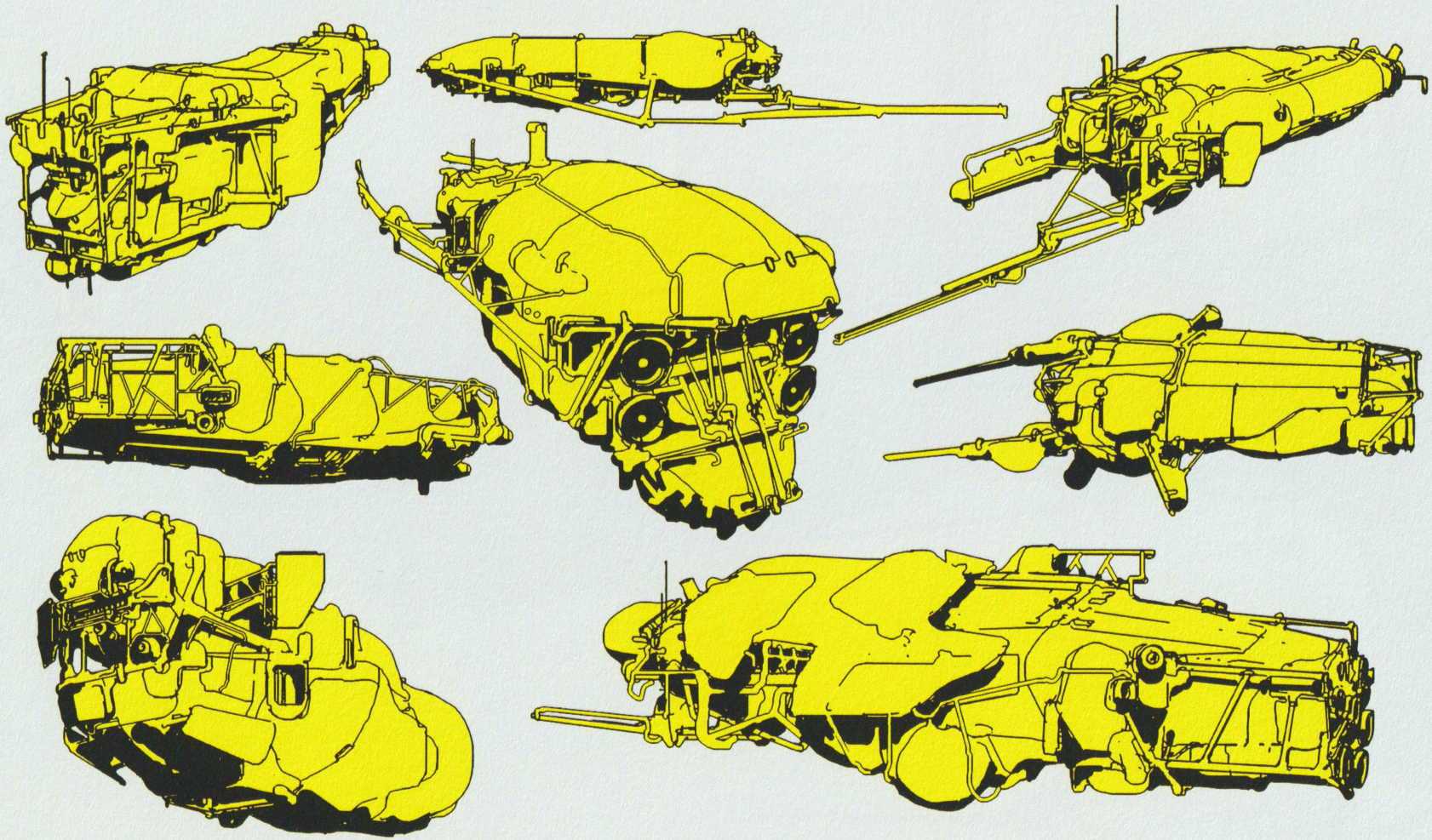

Explorations of Nomad ships

Three-ringed, man-made planet

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Tony Hsu Studio Head
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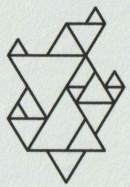

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